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# THE HISTORIE OF SAMSON:

*Written*

*By*

FRA: QVARLES.

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TO  
THE VNCORRVPTED  
LOVER OF ALL GOODNES,  
and my Honourable Friend,  
S<sup>r</sup> JAMES FVLLERTON Knight,  
One of the Gentlemen of his Ma<sup>ties</sup>  
Bed-chamber, &c.

SIR ;



*Here be three sorts of  
Friends: The first is like  
a Torch, we meet in a  
darke street: The second  
is like a Candle in a  
Lanthorn, that we over-  
take: The third is like a Linke, that of-  
fers it selfe to the stumbling Passenger:  
The met Torch is that sweet-lipt Friend,  
which lends us a flash of Complement  
A 2 for*

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THE EPISTLE.

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for the time, but quickly leaves us to our former darknesse: The overtaken Lanthorne is the true Friend; which, though it promise but a faint light, yet it goes along with us, as farre as it can, towards our Journies end: The offered Linke is the mercenary Friend; which, though it be ready enough to doe us service, yet that service hath a servile relation to our bountie. Sir; in the middle ranke I finde you, bating the first, and scorning the last; to whom, in the height of my undissembled affection, and unfained thankfulness, I commend my selfe, and this booke, to receive an equall censure, from your uncorrupted judgement: In the Bud, it was yours; it blossomed, yours; and now, your favourable acceptance confirms the fruit yours: All I crave, is, that you would be pleased to interpret these my intentions

ons

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DEDICATORIE.

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*ons to proceed from an ardent desire, that  
bath long beene in labour to expresse  
the true affections of him*

That holds it an honor  
to honor you

FRA: QVARLES.

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TO THE READER.

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THE tyranny of my Affaires was never yet so imperious, but I could steale some howers to my private Meditations; the fruits of which stolne time I here present thee with, in the *History* of *Samson* : Wherein, if thy extreme severity checke at any thing, which thou conceivest may not stand with the majesty of this sacred Subject; know, that my intention was not to offend my brother : The wisest of Kings, inspired by the King of Wisedome, thought it no detraction from the gravity of his Holy Proverbs, to describe a Harlot like a Harlot, Her whorish Attire; her immodest Gesture, her bold Countenance; her flattering Tongue; her lascivious Embraces; her unchast Kisses; her impudent Invitations : If my descriptions in the like kinde, offend; I make no question but the validitie of my Warrant will give a reasonable satisfaction : Hee that lifts not his feet

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## TO THE READER.

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feet high enough, may easily stumble : But on the contrary, If any be, whose worse then Sacrilegious mindes shall prophane our harmelesse intentions with wanton conceits, to such I heartily wish, a *Procul ite*; Let none such looke farther then this Epistle, at their owne perils : If they doe, let them put off their shooes, for *this is holy Ground*: Foule hands will muddle the clearest waters : and base maindes will corrupt the purest Text : If any offence be taken, it is by way of stealth, for there is none willingly given : I write to *Bees*, and not to *Spiders* : They will suck pleasing hony from such flowers : These may burst with their owne poyson : But you, whose well-seasond hearts are not distempered with either of these extremities, but have the better rellish of a Sacred understanding; draw neere, and reade.

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**I** Sing th' illustrious, and renowned story  
Of mighty Samson; The eternall glory  
Of his Heroicke acts: His life, His death:  
Quicken my Muse with thy diviner breath,  
Great God of Muses, that my prosp'rous rimes  
May live and last to everlasting times;  
That they unborne may, in this sacred story,  
Admire thy goodnes, and advance thy glory.

THE

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THE  
HISTORIE  
OF  
SAMSON.

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SECT. I.

ARGUMENT.

*A holy Angell doth salute  
The wife of Manoah, and inlarge  
Her barren wombe with promis'd fruit  
Of both their loynes. The Angels charge.*

**W**ithin the Tents of *Zorah* dwelt a man  
Of *Jacobs* seed, and of the Tribe of *Dan*,  
Knowne by the name of *Manoah*; to whom  
Heaven had deni'd the treasure of the wombe;  
His Wife was barren; And her prayres could not  
Remove that great reproach, or clense that blot  
Which on her fruitless name appear'd so foule,  
Not to encrease the Tribe of *Dan* one soule:  
Long had she, doubtles, stroven with heaven, by prayres  
Made strong with teares and sighes; Hopes and despair  
No doubt had often tortur'd her desire  
Vpon a Rock, compos'd of frost and fire:

But

*The History of Samson.*

But Heaven was pleas'd to turne His deafned eares  
 Against those prayres made strong with sighes and teares:  
 She often praid; but prayres could not obtaine:  
 Alas; she pray'd, she wept, she sigh'd in vaine:  
 She pray'd, no doubt; but prayres could finde no roome;  
 They proov'd, alas, as barren as her wombe.

Vpon a time (when her unanswer'd prayre  
 Had now given just occasion of despaire,  
 (Even when her bedrid faith was growne so fraile,  
 That very Hope grew heartlesse to prevaile)  
 Appear'd an *Angel* to her; In his face,  
 Terrour and sweetnesse labour'd for the place:  
 Sometimes, his Sun-bright eyes would shine so fierce,  
 As if their pointed beames would even pierce  
 Her soule, and strike th'amaz'd beholder dead:  
 Sometimes, their glory would dispeirce, and spread  
 More easie flames; and, like the Starre, that stood  
 O're *Bethlem*, promise and portend some good:  
 Mixt was his bright aspect; as if his breath  
 Had equall errands both of life and death:  
 Glory and Mildnesse seemed to contend  
 In his fayre eyes, so long, till in the end,  
 In glorious mildnesse, and in milder glory,  
 He thus salutes her with this pleasing story.

*Woman; Heaven greets thee well: Rise up, and feare not;  
 Forbeare thy faithlesse tremblings; I appeare not  
 Clad in the vestments of consuming fire;  
 Cheare up, I have no warrant to enquire  
 Into thy sinnes; I have no Vials here,  
 Nor dreadfull Thunderbolts to make thee feare:*

## The History of Samson.

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I have no plagues t'inflict ; nor is my breath  
Charg'd with destruction; or my hand, with death.  
No, no ; cheare up ; I come not to destroy ;  
I come to bring thee tydings of great joy :  
RowZe up thy dull beliefe ; for I appeare,  
To exercise thy Faith, and not thy Feare :  
The Guide, and great Creator of all things,  
Chiefe Lord of Lords, and supream King of Kings,  
To whom an Host of men are but a swarme  
Of murmring Gnats ; whose high prewayling arme  
Can crush ten thousand worlds, and at one blow  
Can strike the earth to nothing, and ore-throw  
The Lofsts of Heaven ; he that hath the keyes  
Of wombes ; to shut, and ope them, when he please ;  
He that can all things, that he will, this day,  
Is pleas'd to take thy long reproach away :  
Behold ; thy wombe's enlarg'd ; and thy desires  
Shall finde successe : Before long time expires,  
Thou shalt conceive : Ere twise five months be runne,  
Be thou the joyfull mother of a sonne ;  
But see, thy wary palate doe forbear  
The juyce of the bewitching Grape ; Beware,  
Lest thy desires tempt thy lips to wine,  
Which must be faithfull strangers to the Vine.  
Strong drinke thou must not tast, and all such meate  
The Law proclaimes uncleane, refraine to eate :  
And when the fruit of thy restored wombe  
Shall see the light, take heed no Rasor come  
Vpon his fruitfull head ; For from his birth,  
Soone as the wombe entrusts him on the earth,

## The History of Samson.

The child shall be a Nazarite, to God;  
By whose appointment, he shall prove a Rod,  
To scourge the proud Philistians; and recall  
Poore suffering Israel from their slavish thrall.

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### MEDITAT. I.

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**H**ow impudent is Nature, to account  
Those acts her owne, that doe so farre surmount  
Her easie reach ! How purblind are those eyes  
Of stupid mortalls, that have power to rise  
No higher then her lawes, who takes upon her  
The worke, and robbes the Author of his honor !  
Seest thou the fruitfull Wombe ? How every yeare  
It moves thy Cradle; to thy slender cheare,  
Invites another Ghest, and makes thee Father  
To a new Sonne, who now, perchance, hadst rather  
Bring up the old, esteeming propagation  
A thanklesse work of Supererogation :  
Perchance, the formall Mid-wife seemes to thee  
Lesse welcome now; then she was wont to be :  
Thou standst amaz'd, to heare such needlesse Ioy,  
And car'st as little for it, as the Boy

That's

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5

That's newly borne into the world; nay worse,  
Perchance, thou grumblest, counting it a curse  
Vnto thy faint estate, which is not able  
T' encrease the bounty of thy slender Table:  
Poore miserable man what ere thou be,  
I suffer for thy crooked thoughts; not thee:  
Thou tak'st thy children to be gifts of nature;  
Their wit, their flowring beauty, comely stature,  
Their perfect health; their dainty disposition,  
Their vertues, and their easie acquisition  
Of curious Arts, their strength's attain'd perfection  
You attribute to that benigne complexion,  
Wherewith your Goddesse, Nature hath endow'd  
Their well-disposed Organs; and are proud;  
And here your Goddesse leaves you, to deplore  
That such admir'd perfections should be poore:  
Advance thine eyes, no lesse then wilfull blind,  
And, with thine eyes, advance thy drooping mind:  
Correct thy thoughts; Let not thy wondring eye  
Adore the servant, when the Master's by:  
Looke on the God Nature: From him come  
These underprized blessings of the wombe:  
He makes thee rich, in children; when his store  
Crownes thee with wealth, why mak'st thou thy selfe poore?  
He opes thee wombe: why then shouldst thou repine?  
They are his children, mortall, and not thine:  
We are but Keepers; And the more he lends  
To our tuition, he the more commends  
Our faithfull trust: It is not every one  
Deserves that honor, to command his Son:

*She counts it as a fortune, that's allow'd  
 To nurse a Prince : (What nurse would not be proud  
 Of such a Fortune? ) And shall we repine,  
 Great God, to foster any Babe of thine;  
 But tis the Charge we feare : Our stock's but small;  
 If heaven, with Children, send us wherewithall  
 To stop their craving stomachs, then we care not :  
 Great God !*

*How hast thou crackt thy credit, that we dare not  
 Trust thee for bread ? How is't, we dare not venture  
 To keep thy Babes, unlesse thou please to enter  
 In bond, for payment ? Art thou growne so poore,  
 To leave thy famisht Infants at our doore,  
 And not allow them food ? Canst thou supply  
 The empty Ravens, and let thy children dye ?*

*Send me that stint, thy wisdom shall thinke fit,  
 Thy pleasure is my will; and I submit :  
 Make me deserve that honour thou hast lent  
 To my fraile trust, and I will rest content.*

SECT.

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# *The History of Samson.*

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## SECT. 2.

### ARGUMENT.

*The Wife of Manoah attended  
with fearefull Hope, and hopefull Feare,  
The joyfull tydings recommended  
to her amazed Husbands care.*

**T**Hus, when the great *Embassadour* of heaven  
Had done that sacred service, which was given  
And trusted to his faithfull charge, he spred  
His ayre-dividing pineons, and fled:  
But now, th' affrighted woman apprehends  
The strangeness of the Message; recommends  
Both it, and him, that did it, to her feares;  
The newes was welcome to her gratefull cares,  
But what the newesman was, did so encrease  
Her doubts, that her strange hopes could find no peace;  
For when her hopes would build a Tower of joy,  
O, then her feares would shake it, and destroy  
The maine foundation; what her hopes, in vaine,  
Did raise, her feares would ruinate againe:  
One while, she thought; It was an *Angell* sent;  
And then, her feares would teach her to repent  
That frightfull thought: But when she deeply waigh'd  
The joyfull message, then her thoughts obey'd  
Her first conceit; Distracted, with confusion,  
Sometimes she fear'd it was a false delusion,

*Suggested*

Suggested in her too beleeving eares;  
 Sometimes she doubts, it was a *Dream*, that beare  
 No waight but in a slumber; till at last,  
 Her feet, advised by her thoughts, made hast  
 Vnto her husband, in whose eares she brake  
 This mind-perplexing secret thus, and spake;  
 Sir.

*As my discursive thoughts did lately muse  
 On those great blessings, wherewith heaven doth use  
 To crowne his children, here; among the rest,  
 Me thoughts no one could make a wife more blest,  
 And crowne her youth, her age with greater measure  
 Of true content, then the unpriZed treasure  
 Of her chaste wombe: but as my thoughts were bent  
 Vpon this subject, being in our Tent,  
 And none but I, appear'd before mine eyes  
 A man of God: His habit, and his guise  
 Was such as holy Prophets use to weare,  
 But in his dreadfull looks there did appeare  
 Something that made me tremble; In his eye,  
 Mildnesse was next with awefull Majesty;  
 Strange was his language, and I could not chuse  
 But feare the man, although I lik'd his newes;*

Woman (said he) Cheare up, and doe not feare;  
 I have no vials, no nor Indgements here;  
 My hand hath no Commission, to enquire  
 Into thy sinnes; nor am I clad in fire:  
 I come to bring thee tydings of such things,  
 As have their warrant from the King of Kings;  
 Thou shalt conceive, and when thy time is come,

Thou

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Thou shalt enjoy the blessings of thy wombe ;  
Before the space of twice five months be runne,  
Thou shalt become the parent of a Sonne,  
Till then, take heed, thou neither drinke, nor eate  
Wines, or strong drinke, or Law-forbidden meate,  
For when this promis'd child, shall see the light,  
Thou shalt be mother to a Nazarite :

*While thus he spake, I trembled : Horrid feare  
Vsurpt my quivering heart; Only mine care  
Was pleas'd to be the vessell of such newes,  
Which Heaven make good; and give me strength to use  
My better Faith : The holy Prophets name  
I was affraid t'enquire, or whence he came.*

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### MEDITAT. 2.

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**A**Nd dost thou not admier ? Can such things  
Obtaine lesse priviledge, then a Tale, that brings  
The audience wonder, entermixt with pleasure ?  
Is't a small thing, that Angells can finde leisure  
To leave their blessed seates; where, face to face,  
They see their God, and quit that heavenly place,  
The least conception of whose joy, and mirth,  
Transcends th'united pleasurs of the earth ?

C

Must

# The History of Samson.

Must Angells leave their Thrones of glory thus,  
 To watch our foot-steps, and attend on us?  
 How good a God have we! whose eyes can wincke,  
 For feare they should discover the base sincke  
 Of our loath'd sinnes: How doth he stop his care,  
 Lest, when they call for Iustice, he should heare?  
 How often, Ah, how often doth He send  
 His willing Angells, hourely to attend  
 Our steps; and, with his bounty, to supply  
 Our helpelesse wants, at our false-hearted cry?  
 The bounteous Ocean, with a liberall hand,  
 Transports her laden treasure, to the land;  
 Enriches every Port, and makes each towne  
 Proud with that wealth, which now she calls her owne;  
 And what returne they for so great a gaine,  
 But sinckes and noysome Gutters, back againe?  
 Even so (great God) thou send'st thy blessings in;  
 And we returne thee, Dunghills of our Sinne:  
 How are thy Angells hacknei'd up and downe  
 To visit man? How poorely doe we crowne  
 Their blessed labours? They with Ioy, dismount,  
 Laden with blessings, but returne th' account  
 Of Filth and Trasn: They bring th' unvalued prize  
 Of Grace and promis'd Glory, while our eyes  
 Disdaine these heavenly Factors, and refuse  
 Their proferd wares; affecting, more, to chuse  
 A Graine of pleasure then a Lemme of glory;  
 We finde no treasure, but in Transitory  
 And earth-bred Toyces, while things immortall stand  
 Like Garments, to be sold at second hand:

Great:

# *The History of Samson.*

II

*Great God, Thou know'st, we are but flesh and blood;  
Alas! we can interpret nothing, good,  
But what is evill; deceitfull are our Ioyes;  
We are but children, and we whine for Tøyes :  
Of things unknowne there can be no desire;  
Quicken our hearts with the celestiall fire  
Of thy discerning Spirit, and we shall know  
Both what is good, and good desier too :*

*Vouchsafe to let thy blessed Angell come,  
And bring the tydings, that the barren wombe  
Of our Affections is enlarg'd; O when  
That welcome newes shall be revealed, then,  
Our soules shall soone conceive, and bring thee forth  
The firstlings of a new, and holy birth.*

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SECT.

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# The History of Samson.

## SECT. 3.

### ARGUMENT.

Manoah's wonder turnes to Zeale;  
 His zeale, to prayre : His prayres obtaine :  
 The Angell that did late reveale  
 The joyfull newes, returnes againe.

**N**OW when th' amazed woman had commended  
 Her tongue to silence, and her tale was ended ;  
 Perplexed *Manoah*, ravisht at the newes,  
 Within himselfe, he thus began to muse ;  
*Strange is the message ! And as strangely done !*  
*Shall Manoah's loynes be fruitfull ? Shall a Sonne*  
*Blesse his last dayes ? Or shall an Issue come*  
*From the chill closset of a barren wombe ?*  
*Shall Manoah's wife give sucke ? and now, at last,*  
*Finde pleasure, when her prime of youth is past ?*  
*Shall her cold wombe be now, in age, restor'd ?*  
*And was't a man of God, that brought the word ?*  
*Or was't some false delusion, that possesse*  
*The weaknes of a lonely womans brest ?*  
*Or was't an Angell, sent from heaven, to show*  
*What Heaven hath will, as well as pow're, to doe ?*  
 Till then thou must refraine to drinke, or eate,  
 Wines, and strong drinke, and Law-forbidden meate ?  
 Evill Angells rather would instruct to ryot,  
 They use not to prescribe so strickt a Dyet ;

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No, no; I make no further question of it,  
'Twas some good Angell, or some holy Prophet.  
Thus, having mus'd a while, he bow'd his face  
Upon the ground; and (prostrate in the place,  
Where first he heard the welcome tydings) pray'd,  
(His wonder now transform'd to Zeale) and said:  
Great God; That hast engag'd thy selfe, by vow,  
When ere thy little Israell begs, to bow  
Thy gracious eare; O harken to the least  
Of Israel's sonnes, and grant me my request:  
By thee, I live, and breathe: Thou did'st become  
My gracious God, both in, and from the wombe;  
Thy precious favours I have still possesse,  
And have depended on thee, from the Brest:  
My simple Infancy hath bin protected,  
By thee; my Child-hood taught, my youth corrected,  
And sweetly chastned with thy gentle Rod;  
I was no sooner; but thou wert my God:  
All times declare thee good; This very houre  
Can testifie the greatnesse of thy power,  
And promptnesse of thy Mercy, which hast sent  
This blessed Angell to us, to augment  
The Catalogue of thy favours, and restore  
Thy servants wombe, whose hopes had even given ore  
T' expect an Issue: What thou hast begun,  
Prosper, and perfect, till the worke be done:  
Let not my Lord be angry, if I crave  
A boone, too great for me to beg, or have;  
Let that blest Angell, that thou sent'st, of late,  
Reblesse us with his presence, and relate,

*The History of Samson.*

*Thy will at large, and what must then be done,  
When time shall bring to light this promis'd sonne.*

About that time, when the declining *Lampe*  
 Trebles each shadow; when the evening dampe  
 Begins to moisten, and refresh the land,  
 The Wife of *Manoah* (under whose command  
 The weaned Lambes did feed) being lowly seated  
 Vpon a Shrubbe (where often she repeated  
 That pleasing newes, the subject of her thought)  
 Appear'd the Angell; he, that lately brought  
 Those blessed tydings to her: up she rose;  
 Her second feare had warrant to dispose  
 Her nimble foot-steps to unwonted haste;  
 She runnes with speed, (she cannot runne too fast)  
 At length, she findes her husband; In her eyes,  
 Were Ioy and Feare; whilst her lost breath denyes  
 Her speech, her trembling hands make signes;  
 She pusses and pants; her breathlesse tongue disjoynes  
 Her broken words: *Behold, behold* (said she)  
*The man of God, (if man of God he be)*  
*Appear'd againe: These very eyes beheld*  
*The man of God: I left him in our field.*

MEDIT.

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MEDITAT. 3.

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**H**ea<sup>v</sup>'n is Gods Magazen; wherein, he hath  
Stor'd up his Vials both of love, and wrath;  
Iustice and Mercy, waite upon his Throne;  
Favors and Thunderbolts attend upon  
His sacred Will and Pleasure; Life and Death  
Doe both receive their influence from his breath;  
Iudgements attend his left; at his right hand  
Blessings and everlasting Pleasures stand:  
Hea<sup>v</sup>'n is the Magazen; wherein, he puts  
Both good and evill: Prayre is the key, that shuts  
And opens this great Treasure; Tis a key,  
Whose wards are Faith, and Hope, and Charity.  
Wouldst thou prevent a judgement, due to sin?  
Turne but the key, and thou maist locke it in:  
Or wouldst thou have a Blessing fall upon thee?  
Open the doore, and it will shower on thee.  
Can Hea<sup>v</sup>'n be false? Or can th' Almightyes tongue,  
That is all very truth, doe Truth that wrong,  
Not to performe a vow? His lips have sworne,  
Sworne by himselfe, that if a Sinner turne

To him, by prayre; his prayre shall not be lost  
 For want of eare; nor his desier, crost:  
 How is it then, we often aske and have not?  
 We aske, and often misse, because we crave not  
 The things we should: his wisdom can foresee  
 Those blessings, better, that we want, than wee.  
 Hast thou not heard a peevish Infant baule  
 To gaine possession of a knife? And shall  
 Th' indulgent nurse be counted, wisely kinde,  
 If she be mov'd to please his childish minde?  
 Is it not greater wisdom, to denie  
 The sharp-edg'd knife, and to present his eye  
 With a fine harmelesse Puppit? We require  
 Things, oft, unfit; and our too fond desire  
 Fastens on goods, that are but glorious ills,  
 Whilst Heaven's high wisdom contradicts our wills,  
 With more advantage; for we oft receive  
 Things that are farre more fit, for us, to have:  
 Experience tells; wee seeke, and cannot finde:  
 We seeke and often want, because we binde  
 The Giver to our times; He knowes we want  
 Patience; and, therefore he suspends his grant,  
 T' increase our Faith; that so we may depend  
 Upon his hand: He loves to heare us spend  
 Our childish mouthes: Things easily obtain'd,  
 Are lowly priz'd; but what our prayres have gain'd  
 By teares, and groanes, that cannot be expest,  
 Are farre more deare, and sweeter, when possesst.  
 Great God! whose power hath so oft prevail'd  
 Against the strength of Princes, and hast quail'd

*Their*

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17

*Their prouder stomackes; with thy breath, discrown'd  
Their heads, and throwne their scepters to the ground,  
Striking their swelling hearts with cold despaire,  
How art thou conquer'd, and orecome by Prayre!  
Infuse that Spirit, Great God, into my heart,  
And I will have a Blessing, ere we part.*

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SECT.

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## S E C T. 4.

## A R G V M E N T.

*Manoah desires to know the fashion  
And breeding of his promis'd sonne;  
To whom the Angell makes relation  
Of all things needfull to be done.*

**V** V Ith that, the *Danite* rose; being guided  
By his perplexed wife, they, both divided.  
Their heedlesse paces, till they had attain'd  
The field, wherein the *Man of God* remain'd:  
And, drawing neerer to his presence, stai'd  
His weary steps, and, with obeysance, said:  
*Art thou the man whose blessed lips foretold  
Those joyfull tidings? Shall my tongue be bold,  
Without the breach of manners, to request  
This boone, Art thou that Prophet, that possessest  
This barren woman with a hope, that She  
Shall beare a Sonne? He answer'd, I am He;*  
Said Manoah, then: *Let not a word of thine  
Be lost; let them continue to divine  
Our future happinesse: Let them be crown'd  
With truth; and thou with honour, to be found*

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A holy Prophet : Let performance blesse  
And speed thy speeches with a faire successe :  
But tell me, Sir; When this great worke is done,  
And time shall bring to light this promis'd Sonne,  
What sacred Ceremonies shall we use ?  
What Rites ? What way of breeding shall we chuse  
T' observe ? What holy course of life shall he  
Be trained in ? What shall his Office be ?  
Whereat th' attentive Angell did divide  
The portall of his lips, and thus replide :

The Child, that from thy fruitfull loynes shall come  
Shall be a holy Nazarite, from the wombe ;  
Take heed; that wombe, that shall enclose this Childe;  
In no case be polluted or defilde  
With Law-forbidden meates : Let her forbear  
To tast those things that are forbidden there.  
The bunckbacke Camill, shall be no repast  
For her ; Her palate shall forbear to tast,  
The burrow haunting Conie, and decline  
The swiftfoot-Hare, and miredelighting Swine;  
The griping Goshauke; and the towring Eagle ;  
The party-collour'd Pye must not inveigle  
Her lips to move; the brood devouring Kite ;  
The croaking Raven ; The Oule that hates the light ;  
The steele-digesting Bird ; The laisie Snail;  
The Cuckow, ever telling of one tale ;  
The fish-consuming Osprey, and the Want,  
That undermines; the greedy Cormorant ;  
Th' indulgent Pelican; the predictions Crow ;  
The chattring Storke, and ravenous Vulture too;

*The History of Samson.*

*The thorne-backt Hedgehogge, and the prating Iay;  
The Lapwing, flying still the t'other way;  
The lofty-flying Falcon, and the Mouse,  
That findes no pleasure in a poore mans house;  
The suck-egge Weasell, and the winding Swallow,  
From these she shall abstaine, and not inhallow  
Her op'ned lips with their polluted flesh;  
Strong drinke she must forbear, and to refresh  
Her lingring palate, with lust-breeding Wine;  
The Grape, or what proceedeth from the Vine,  
She must not tast, for feare she be defilde,  
And so pollute her womb-enclosed Childe:  
When time shall make her mother of a Sonne,  
Beware, no keen-edg'd Raisor come upon  
His hallowed Crowne: The haire upon his head  
Must not be cut: His bountious locks must spread  
On his broad shoulders: From his first drawne breath,  
The Child shall be a Nazarite, to his death.*

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MEDIT.

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MEDITAT. 4.

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**W**Hat shallow judgement, or what easie braine  
Can choose but laugh at those, that strive, in vaine,  
To build a Tower, whose ambitious Spire  
Should reach to heaven? What foole would not admire  
To see their greater folly? Who would raise  
A Tower, to perpetuate the praise  
And lasting Glory of their renowned Name,  
What have they left, but Monuments of shame?  
How poore and slender are the enterprises  
Of man; that onely whispers and advises  
With heedlesse flesh and blood, and never makes  
His God, of counsell, where he undertakes!  
How is our God and we of late falne out!,  
We rather chuse to languish in our doubt,  
Then be resolvd by him; We rather use  
The help of hell-bred wizards, that abuse  
The stile of Wise men, then to have recourse  
To him, that is the Fountaine and the source

*The History of Samson.*

Of all good Counsells; and, from whom, proceeds  
 A living Spring, to water all our needs;  
 How willing are his Angells to descend  
 From of their throne of Glory, and attend  
 Upon our wants ! How oft returne they back  
 Mourning to Heaven, as if they griev'd for lack  
 Of our imployment ! O, how prone are they  
 To be assistant to us, every way !  
 Have we just cause to joy ? They'l come and sing  
 About our beds : Doe's any judgement bring  
 Just cause of griefe ? They'l fall a greiving too;  
 Doe we triumph ? Their joyfull mouths will blow  
 Their louder Trumpets; Or doe feares affect us ?  
 They'l guard our heads from danger, and protect us:  
 Are we in Prison, or in Persecution ?  
 They'l fill our hearts with joy, and resolution :  
 Or doe we languish in our sickly beds ?  
 They'l come and pitch their Tents about our heads;  
 See they a sinner penitent, and mourne  
 For his bewail'd offences, and returne ?  
 They clap their hands, and joyne their warbling voices  
 They sing, and all the Quire of heaven rejoyces.  
 What is in us poore Dust and Ashes, Lord,  
 That thou should'st looke upon us, and afford  
 Thy precious favours to us, and impart  
 Thy gracious Counsels ? What is our desert,  
 But Death, and Horror ? What can we more claime,  
 Thenthey, that now, are scortching in that flame,  
 That hath nor moderation, rest, nor end ?  
 How doe's thy mercy, above thought, extend

## *The History of Samson.*

23

*To them thou lov'st ! Teach me (great God) to prize  
Thy sacred Counsells : Open my blind eyes,  
That I may see to walke the perfect way ;  
For as I am, Lord, I am apt to stray  
And wander to the gulfe of endlesse woe :  
Teach me what must be done, and helpe to doe.*

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**SECT.**

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## SECT. 5.

## ARGUMENT.

*Manoah desires to understand,  
But is denied, the Angells name!  
He offers by the Angells band:  
The Angell vanishes in a flame.*

**S**O said, The sonne of Israel, (easily apt  
To credit, what his soule desir'd, and rapt  
With better hopes, which serv'd him as a guide  
To his beliefe, o'rejoy'd) he thus replide;  
Let not the man of God, whose Heavenly voice  
Hath blest mine eare, and made my soule rejoyce,  
Beyond exprefion, now refuse to come  
Within my Tent, and honour my poore home  
With his desired presence; there to tast  
His servants slender diet, and repast  
Upon his Rarall fare: These hands shall take  
A tender Kidde from out the flockes, and make,  
(Without long tarrance) some delightfull meate,  
Which may invite the man of God to eate:  
Come, come (my Lord) And what defect of food  
Shall be, thy servants welcome shall make good:

*Where*

## *The History of Samson.*

25

Where to the *Angell* (who as yet had made  
Himselfe unknowne) reanswer'd thus, and said.  
*Excuse me : Though thy hospitable love*  
*Prevaile to make me stay, it cannot move*  
*My thankfull lips to tast thy liberall cheare;*  
*Let not thy bounty urge in vaine; Forbear*  
*To strive with whom, thy welcome cannot leade*  
*To eat thy Kid; or tast thy profer'd bread;*  
*Convert thy bounty to a better end,*  
*And let thy undefiled hands commend*  
*A burnt oblation to the King of Kings;*  
*T'is he, deserves the thanks; his servant brings*  
*But that bare message with his lips enjoyne;*  
*His be the glory of the Act, not mine.*  
Said then the Israelite; *If my desire*  
*Be not to over rash, but may conspire*  
*With thy good pleasure, let thy servants eare*  
*Be honour'd with thy name; that whensoere*  
*These blessed tidings (that possesse my heart*  
*With firme beliefe,) shall in due time impart*  
*Their full perfection, and desir'd successe*  
*To my expecting eye, my soule may blesse*  
*The tongue that brought the message, and proclame*  
*An equall honour to his honour'd name.*  
To whom, the *Angell* (whose severer brow  
Sent forth a frowne) made answer; *Doc not thou*  
*Trouble thy busie thoughts with things, that are*  
*Above thy reach; Enquier not too farre;*  
*My name is cloath'd in mists; T'is not my taske,*  
*To make it knowne to thee; nor thine, to aske:*

E

With

With that, the Danite tooke a tender *Kid*,  
And said; my Lord, *The Tribe of Dan's forbid*  
*To burne an offering; Only Levites may,*  
*And holy Porphets; If thou please to lay*  
*The sacrifice on yonder sacred Stone,*  
*I'e fetch thee fire, for fier there is none,*  
Forbeare thy needlesse paines, the Angell said  
Heaven will supply that want; With that, he laid  
The offering on; and, from the stone, there came  
A sudden fire, whose high ascending flame  
Burnt and consum'd the accepted Sacrifice;  
Now, whilst th' amaz'd beholders wondring eyes  
Where taken captives with so strange a sight,  
And whilst the new-wrought miracle did affright  
Their tremblidg hearts, the Man of God (whose name  
Must not b' inquired) vanisht in the flame,  
And left them both, unable to expound  
Each others feares; both groveling on the ground.

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**MEDIT**

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MEDITAT. 5.

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**A** Thankfull heart hath earnd one favour twice;  
But he, that is ungratefull, wants no vice:  
The beast, that only lives the life of Sense,  
Prone to his severall actions and propense  
To what he does, without th' advice of will,  
Guided by nature (that does nothing ill)  
In practicke Maximes, proves it a thing hatefull,  
T' accept a Favour, and to live ungratefull:  
But man, whose more diviner soule hath gain'd  
A higher step, to reason: nay, attain'd  
A higher step then that, the light of grace,  
Comes short of them; and in that point, more base  
Then they, most prompt and perfect in that rude,  
Vnnaturall, and high sinne, Ingratitude:  
The Stall-fed Oxe, that is growne fat, will know  
His carefull feeder, and acknowledge too:  
The prouder Stallion, will at length espy,  
His Masters bounty, in his Keepers eye:  
The ayre-dividing Faulkon, will requite  
Her Faulkners paynes, with a well pleasing flight:

*The generous Spaniell, loves his Masters eye,  
 And licks his fingers, though no meat be by;  
 But Man, ungratefull Man, that's borne, and bred  
 By Heavens immediate powre; maintain'd and fed  
 By his providing hand; observ'd, attended  
 By his indulgent grace; preserv'd, defended  
 By his prevailing arme; this Man, I say,  
 Is more ungratefull, more obdure then they:  
 By him, we live and move; from him, we have  
 What blessings he can give, or we can crave:  
 Food for our Hunger; Dainties, for our pleasure;  
 Trades, for our buisnes; Pastimes, for our leasure;  
 In greife, he is our Ioy; in want, our Wealth;  
 In bondage, Freedome; and in sicknes, Health;  
 In peace, our Counsell; and in warre, our Leader;  
 At Sea, our Pilot; and, in Suites, our Pleader;  
 In paine, our Helpe; in Triumph, our Renowne;  
 In life, our Comfort; and in death, our Crowne;  
 Yet Man, O most ungratefull Man, can ever  
 Enjoy the Gift, but never minde the Giver;  
 And like the Swine, though pamp'rd with enough,  
 His eyes are never higher then the Trough:  
 We still receive: Our hearts we seldome lift  
 To heaven; But drowne the giver in the Gift;  
 We tast the Skollops, and returne the Shells;  
 Our sweet Pomgranats, want their silver Bells:  
 We take the Gift; the hand that did present it,  
 We oft reward; forget the Friend, that sent it.  
 A blessing given to those, will not disburse  
 Some thanks, is little better then a curse.*

# *The History of Samson.*

29

*Great giver of all blessings ; thou that art  
The Lord of Gifts ; give me a gratefull heart :  
O give me that, or keepe thy favours from me :  
I wish no blessings, with a Vengeance to me.*

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E 3

SECT.

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## SECT. 6.

## ARGUMENT.

*Affrighted Manoah and his wife  
Both prostrate on the naked earth :  
Both rise : The man despaire of life ;  
The woman cheares him : Samsons birth.*

(weares

**V**hen time, (whose progresse moderates and out-  
Th' extreamest passions of the highest Feares)  
By his benignant power, had reinlarg'd  
Their captive senses, and at length, discharg'd  
Their frighted thoughts, the trembling Couple rose  
From their unquiet, and disturb'd repose :  
Have you beheld a *Tempest*, how the waves  
(Whose unresisted Tyranny out-braves  
And threats to grapple with the darkned Skies)  
How like to moving *Mountaines* they arise  
From their distempred *Ocean*, and assaile  
Heavens *Battlements*; nay when the windes doe faile  
To breathe another blast, with their owne motion,  
They still are swelling, and disturbe the *Ocean* :  
Even so the *Danite* and his trembling wife,  
Their yet confused thoughts, are still at strife

In

## *The History of Samson.*

31

In their perplexed breasts, which entertain'd  
Continued feares, too strong to be refrain'd:  
Speechlesse they stood, till *Manoah* that brake  
The silence first, disclos'd his lips and spake;  
*What strange aspect was this, that to our sight  
Appear'd so terrible, and did affright  
Our scattering thoughts? What did our eyes behold?  
I feare our lavish tongues have bin too bold:  
What speeches past betweene us? Can'st recall  
The words we entertain'd the time withall?  
It was no man; It was no flesh and blood;  
Me thought, mine eares did tingle, while he stood,  
And commun'd with me: At each word, he spake  
Me thought, my heart recoil'd; his voice did shake  
My very Soule, but when as he became  
So angry, and so dainty of his name,  
O, how my wonder-smitten heart began  
To faile! O, then I knew, it was no man:  
No, no; It was the face of God: Our eyes  
Have scene his face: (who ever saw't, but dies?)  
We are but dead; Death dwells within his eye,  
And we have seen't, and we shall surely die:  
Where to the woman, (who did either hide,  
Or else had over come her feares) replide;  
Despairing Man; take courage, and forbear  
These false predictions; there's no cause of feare:  
Would Heaven accept our offerings, and receive  
Our holy things; and, after that, bereive  
His servants of their lives? Can he be thus  
Pleas'd with our offerings, unappeas'd with us?*

*Hath*

*Hath he not promis'd that the time shall come,  
 Wherein the fruits of my restored wombe  
 Shall make thee Father to a hopefull Sonne?  
 Can Heaven be false? Or can these things be done  
 When we are dead? No, no; His holy breath  
 Had spent in vaine, if he had ment our death:  
 Recall thy needlesse feares; Heaven cannot lye;  
 Although we saw his face, we shall not dye.  
 So said; they brake off their discourse, and went,  
 He, to the field; and she into her Tent:*

Thrice forty dayes not full compleate, being come,  
 Within th' enclosure of her quickned wombe,  
 The babe began to spring; and, with his motion,  
 Confirm'd the faith, and quickned the devotion  
 Of his believing parents, whose devout  
 And heaven-ascending *Orizans*, no doubt,  
 Were turn'd to thanks, and heart-rejoycing praise,  
 To holy *Hymnes*, and heavenly *Roundelaies*:  
 The child growes sturdy; Every day gives strength  
 Vnto his wombe fed limmes; till at the length,  
 Th' apparant mother, having past the date  
 Of her accoumpt, does onely now awaite  
 The happy houre, wherein she may obtaine  
 Her greatest pleasure, with her greatest paine.  
 When as the faire directresse of the night  
 Had thrice three times repair'd her wained light,  
 Her wombe no longer able to retaine  
 So great a guest, betrai'd her to her paine,  
 And for the toilefome worke, that she had done,  
 She found the wages of a new borne Sonne:

## *The History of Samson*

33

*Samson*, she call'd his name : The childe encreast,  
And hourelly suckt a blessing with the brest ;  
Daily his strength did double : He began  
To grow in favour both with God and Man :  
His well attended Infancie was blest  
With sweetnesse ; in his Childhood, he exprest  
True seeds of Honour ; and his youth was crown'd  
With high and brave adventures, which renown'd  
His honour'd name ; His courage was supplide  
With mighty strength : His haughty spirit defide  
An hoast of men : His power had the praise  
'Bove all that were before, or since his dayes :  
And to conclude, Heav'n never yet conjoin'd  
So strong a body, with so stout a minde.

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### MEDITAT. 6.

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**H**ow pretious were those blessed dayes, wherein  
Soules never startled at the name of Sin !  
When as the voyce of Death had never yet  
A mouth to open, or to clame a debt !  
When bashfull nakednesse forbare to call  
For needlesse skinns to cover Shame withall

F

When

*When as the fruit-encreasing earth obey'd  
 The will of Man without the wound of Spade,  
 Or helpe of Art ! When he, that now remains  
 A cursed Captive to infernall chaines,  
 Sate singing Anthems in the heavenly Quire,  
 Among his fellow Angells ! When the Eryer,  
 The fruitlesse Bramble, the fast growing weed,  
 And downie Thistle had, as yet, no seed !  
 When labour was not knowne, and man did eate  
 The earths faire fruits, unearned with his sweate !  
 When wombes might have conceiv'd without the staine  
 Of sinne, and brought forth children, without paine !  
 When Heaven could speake to mans unfrighted eare,  
 Without the sense of sin-begotten feare !  
 How golden were those dayes ? How happy than  
 Was the condition and the State of man !  
 But Man obey'd not : And his proud desire  
 Cing'd her bold feathers in forbidden fier :  
 But Man transgress't ; And now his freedome fees  
 A sudden change : Sinne followes at his heeles :  
 The voice calls Adam : But poore Adam flees,  
 And, trembling, hides his face behind the trees :  
 The voice, whilere, that ravisht with delight  
 His joyfull eare, does now, alas, affright  
 His wounded conscience, with amaze and wonder :  
 And what, of late, was musicke, now, is Thunder :  
 How have our sinnes abus'd us ! and betrai'd  
 Our desperate soules ! What strangenessse have they made  
 Betwixt the great Creator, and the worke  
 Of his owne hands ! How closely doe they lurke*

## The History of Samson.

35

To our distempred soules, and whisper feares  
And doubts into our frighted hearts and cares !  
Our eyes cannot behold that glorious face,  
Which is all life, unruin'd in the place :  
How is our natures chang'd ? That very breath  
Which gave us being, is become our death :  
Great God ! O, whither shall poore mortalls flie  
For comfort ? If they see thy face, they dye;  
And if thy life-restoring count'nance give  
Thy presence from us ; then we cannot live :  
How necessary is the ruine, than,  
And misery of sin-beguiled Man !  
On what foundation shall his hopes relie ?  
See we thy face, or see it not, we dye :  
O, let thy word (great God) instruct the youth  
And frailty of our faith ; Thy word is truth :  
And what our eyes want power to perceive,  
O, let our hearts admier, and beleeve.

## S E C T. 7.

## A R G V M E N T.

*Samson at Timnah falls in love  
 And fancies a Philistian maide :  
 He moves his parents : They reprove  
 His sinfull choice : dislike, dissuade.*

NOW when as strong limb'd *Samson* had dispos'd  
 His trifling thoughts to children, and disclos'd  
 His bud of child-hood, which being overgrowne,  
 And blossome of his youth so fully blowne,  
 That strength of Nature now thought good to seeke  
 Her entertainment on his downy cheek,  
 And with her manly bounty did begin  
 To uneffeminate his smooother chin,  
 He went to *Timnah*; whither, did resort  
 A great concourse of people, to disport  
 Themselves with pastime; or, perchance, to show  
 Some martiall Feates (as they were wont to doe)  
 Scaffolds were builded round about, whereon  
 The Crowne of eye delighted lookers on  
 Were closely pil'd: As *Samsons* wandring eye

Was

## *The History of Samson.*

37

Was ranging up and downe, he did espy  
A comely Virgin, beautifull and young,  
Where she was seated mid't the gazing throng:  
The more he view'd the more his eye desir'd  
To view her face; and as it view'd, admir'd;  
His heart, inflam'd; his thoughts were all on fire;  
His passions all were turn'd into desire;  
Such were his lookes, that she might well discry  
A speaking lover, in his sparkling eye:  
Sometimes his *reason* bids his thoughts beware,  
Lest he be catcht in a *Philistian* snare;  
And then, his thwarting *passion* would reply  
Feare not to be a prisoner to that eye:  
*Reason* suggests; 'Tis vaine, to make a choice,  
Where parents have an over-ruling voice:  
*Passion* replies, That feare and filiall duty  
Must serve affection, and subscribe to beauty:  
Whilst *Reason* faintly mov'd him to neglect,  
Prevailing *Passion* urg'd his soule t' affect:  
*Passion* concludes; Let her enjoy thy heart:  
*Reason* concludes; But let thy tongue impart  
Thy affection to thy parents, and discover  
To them, thy thoughts: With that the wounded lover  
(Whose quicke divided paces had out-runne  
His lingring heart) like an observant sonne,  
Repaires unto his parents; fully made  
Relation of his troubled thoughts, and said,  
Sir.

*This day, at Timnah, to these wretched eyes,  
Being taken captive with the novelties;*

F 3

*Which*

Which entertain'd my pleas'd thoughts, appear'd  
 A fairer object; which, hath so endear'd  
 My very soule, (with sadnesse so distrest)  
 That this poore heart can finde no ease, no rest;  
 It was a Virgin; in whose Heavenly face,  
 Unpattern'd Beauty, and diviner Grace  
 Were so conjoyn'd, as if they both conspir'd  
 To make one Angell; when these eyes enquir'd  
 Into the exc'lence of her rare perfection,  
 They could not choose but like, and my affection  
 Is so inflamed with desire, that I  
 Am now become close prisoner to her eye;  
 Now if my sad Petition may but finde  
 A faire successe, to ease my tortur'd minde;  
 And if your tender hearts be pleas'd to prove  
 As prone to pitty mine; as mine, to love;  
 Let me, with joy, exchange my single life,  
 And be the husband of so faire a wife.

Whereto, th' amazed parents, (in whose eye  
 Distast and wonder perch'd) made this reply;

What strange desire, what unadvis'd request  
 Hath broken loose from thy distracted brest?  
 What! are the daughters of thy brethren growne  
 So poore in Worth, and Beauty? Is there none  
 To please that over-curious eye of thine,  
 But th' issue of a curs'd Philistine?  
 Can thy miswandring eyes choose none, but her,  
 That is the child of an Idolater?  
 Correct thy thoughts, and let thy soule rejoyce  
 In lawfull beauty: Make a wiser choice:

## The History of Samson.

39

*How well this counsell pleas'd the tired eares  
Of love-sicke Samson; O, let him that beares  
A crost affection judge: Let him discover  
The woefull case of this afflicted lover:*

*What easie pensell cannot represent*

*His very lookes? How his sterne Browes were bent?*

*His drooping head? his very port and guise?*

*His bloodlesse cheekes, and deadnesse of his eyes?*

*Till, at the length, his moving tongue betrai'd*

*His sullen lips to language, thus; and said: Sir.*

*Th' extreame affection of my heart does leade  
My tongue, (that's quickned with my love) to pleade*

*What, if her parents be not circumcis'd?*

*Her issue shall; and she, perchance, advis'd*

*To worship Israells God; and, to forget*

*Her fathers house; Alas; she is, as yet,*

*But young; her downy yeares are Greene, and tender;*

*Shée's but a twigge, and time may easly bend her*

*T' embrace the truth: Our counsells may controule*

*Her sinfull breeding, and so save a soule:*

*Nay; who can tell, but Heaven did recommend*

*Her beauty to these eyes, for such an end?*

*O loose not that, which Heaven is pleas'd to save,*

*Let Samson then obtaine, as well as crave:*

*You gave me being, then prolong my life*

*And make me husband to so faire a wife.*

*With that, the parents joyn'd their whispering heads;*

*Samson observes; and, in their parly, reads*

*Some Characters of hope; The mother smiles;*

*The father frownes; which, Samson reconciles*

With

With hopefull feares; She smiles, and crownes  
 His hopes; which, He deposes with his frownes:  
 The whispring ended; jointly they displaid,  
 A halfe resolved countenance, and said,

*Samson, suspend thy troubled minde a while,  
 Let not thy over-charged thoughts recoil:  
 Take heed of Shipwracke; Rockes are neere the Shore:  
 Wee'l see the Virgin, and resolve thee more.*

MEDITAT. 7.

**L**ove is a noble passion of the heart;  
 That, with it very essence doth impart  
 All needfull Circumstances, and effects  
 Vnto the chosen party it affects;  
 In absence, it enjoies; and with an eye.  
 Fill'd with celestiall fier, doth espy  
 Objects remote: It joyes, and smiles in grieve;  
 It sweetens poverty; It brings reliefe;  
 It gives the Feeble, strength; the Coward, spirit;  
 The sicke man, health; the undeserving, merit;  
 It makes the proud man, humble; and the stout  
 It overcomes; and treads him under foote;

## The History of Samson.

41

*It makes the mighty man of warre to droope;  
And him, to serve, that never, yet, could stoope;  
It is a Fire whose Bellowes are the breath  
Of heaven above, and kindled here beneath:  
Tis not the power of a mans election  
To love, He loves not by his owne direction;  
It is nor beauty, nor benigne aspect  
That alwayes moves the Lover, to affect;  
These are but meanes: Heavens pleasure is the cause;  
Love is not bound to reason, and her Lawes  
Are not subjected to the imperious will  
Of man: It lies not in his power to nill:  
How is this Love abus'd! That's onely made  
A snare for wealth, or to set up a trade;  
T' enrich a great mans Table, or to pay  
A desperate debt; or meerely to allay  
A base and wanton lust; which done, no doubt,  
The love is ended, and her fier out:  
No; he that loves for pleasure, or for pelfe,  
Loves truly, none; and, falsely, but himselfe:  
The pleasure past, the wealth consum'd and gone,  
Love hath no subject now to worke upon:  
The props being falne, that did support the roose,  
Nothing but Rubbish, and neglected Stuffle,  
Like a wilde Chaos of Confusion, lies  
Presenting uselesse ruines to our eyes:  
The Oyle that does maintaine loves sacred fire,  
Is vertue mixt with mutuall desire  
Of sweet society, begunne and bred  
I'th soule; nor ended in the mariage bed:*

G

*This*

*The History of Samson.*

*This is that dew of Hermon, that does fill  
The soule with sweetnesse, watering Sions hill;  
This is that holy fire, that burnes and lasts,  
Till quencht by death; The other are but blasts,  
That faintly blaze like Oyle-forsaken snuffes,  
Whiche every breath of discontentment puffs  
And quite extinguishes; and leaves us nothing  
But an offensive subject of our loathing.*

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SECT.

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SECT. 8.

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ARGUMENT.

*He goes to Timnah: As he went,  
He slew a Lyon, by the way;  
He sues; obtaines the Maides consent:  
And they appoint the mariage day.*

**W**Hen the next day had, which his morning light,  
Redeem'd the East frō the darke shades of night;  
And, with his golden raies, had overspred  
The neighbring Mountaines; from his loathed Bed,  
Sicke-thoughted *Samson* rose, whose watchfull eyes,  
*Morpheus* that night had, with his leaden keyes,  
Not power to close: His thoughts did so incumber  
His restlessle soule, his eyes could never slumber;  
Whose softer language, by degrees, did wake  
His fathers sleepe-bedeafned cares, and spake;  
*Sir; Let your early blessings light upon  
The tender bosome of your prosp'rous Sonne,  
And let the God of Israel repay  
Those blessings, double, on your head, this day:  
The long-since banisht shaddows make me bold  
To let you know, the morning waxes old;*

*The Sunbeames are growne strong; their brighter hiew  
Have broke the Mists, and dride the morning dew;  
The sweetnesse of the season does invite  
Your steps to visit Timnah, and acquite  
Your last nights promise :*

With that, the *Danite* and his wife arose,  
Scarce yet resolv'd, at last, they did dispose  
Their doubtfull paces, to behold the prize  
Of *Samsons* heart, and pleasure of his eyes;  
They went; and when their travell had attain'd  
Those fruitfull hills, whose clusters entertain'd  
Their thirsty palats, with their swelling pride,  
The musing lover being stept aside  
To gaine the pleasure of a lonely thought,  
Appear'd a full ag'd Lyon, who had sought,  
(But could not finde) his long desired prey;  
Soone as his eye had given him hopes to pay  
His debt to nature, and to mend that fault.  
His empty stomacke found, he made assault  
Vpon th' unarmed lovers brest, whose hand  
Had neither staffe, nor weapon, to withstand  
His greedy rage; but he whose mighty strength  
Or sudden death must now appeare, at length,  
Stretcht forth his brawny arme, (his arme supplide  
With power from heaven) and did, with ease, divide  
His body limme from limme, and did betray  
His Flesh to foules, that lately sought his prey:  
This done; his quicke redoubled paces make  
His stay amends, his nimble steps oretake  
His leading parents; who by this, discover

The smoake of *Timnah* : Now the greedy Lover  
Thinks every step, a mile; and every pace,  
A measur'd League, untill he see that face,  
And finde the treasure of his heart, that lies  
In the faire Casket of his Mistresse Eyes,  
But, all this while, close *Samson* made not knowne  
Vnto his parents, what his hands had done :  
By this, the gate of *Timnah* entertaines  
The welcome travellers : The parents paines  
Are now rewarded with their sonnes best pleasure :  
The Virgin comes ; His eyes can finde no leasure,  
To owne another object : O, the greeting  
Th' impatient lovers had at their first meeting !  
The Lover speakes; She answers; He replies;  
She blushes; He demandeth; She denyes;  
He pleads affection; She doubts ; Hee sues  
For nuptiall love; She questions; Hee renewes  
His earnest suite : Importunes ; She relents;  
He must have no denial; She consents :  
They passe their mutuall loves : Their joyned hands  
Are equall earnest of the nuptiall bands :  
The parents are agreed; All parties pleas'd;  
The day's set downe; the lovers hearts are eas'd;  
Nothing displeases now, but the long stay  
Betwixt th' appointment, and the mariage day.

## MEDITAT. 8.

**T**Is too severe a censure : If the Sonne  
 Take him a wife; the marriage fairely done,  
 Without consent of parents, (who perchance  
 Had rais'd his higher price, knew where t' advance  
 His better'd fortunes to one hundred more)  
 He lives, a Fornicator; She, a Whore :  
 Too hard a censure ! And it seemes to me,  
 The parent's most delinquent of the three :  
 What, if the better minded Son doe aime  
 At worth ? What, if rare vertues doe inflame  
 His rapt affection ? What, if the condition  
 Of an admir'd, and dainty disposition  
 Hath won his soule ? Where as the covetous Father  
 Findes her Gold light, and recommends him, rather,  
 T' an old worne widow, whose more weighty purse  
 Is fill'd with gold, and with the Orphans curse ;  
 The sweet exubrance of whose full-mouth'd portion  
 Is but the cursed issue of extortion ;  
 Whose worth, perchance, lies onely in her weight,  
 Or in the bosome of her great estate ;

What

## *The History of Samson.*

47

*What, if the Sonne, (that does not care to buy  
Abundance at so deare a rate) deny  
The soule-detesting profer of his Father,  
And in his better judgement chooses, rather,  
To match with meaner Fortunes, and desert?  
I thinke that Mary chose the better part.*

*What noble Families (that have outgrowne  
The best records) have quite bin overthrowne  
By wilfull parents, that will either force  
Their sonnes to match, or haunt them with a curse!  
That can adapt their humours, to rejoyce,  
And fancy all things, but their childrens choice!  
Which makes them, often, timerous to reveale  
The close desiers of their hearts, and steale  
Such matches, as, perchance, their faire advice  
Might, in the bud, have hindred in a trice;  
Which done, and past, O, then their hastie spirit  
Can thinke of nothing, under Disinherit;  
He must be quite discarded, and exilde;  
The furious father must renounce his childe;  
Nor Prayre nor Blessing must he have; bereiven  
Of all; Nor must he live, nor die forgiven;  
When as the Fathers rashnesse, often times,  
Was the first causer of the Childrens crimes.*

*Parents; be not too cruell: Children doe  
Things, oft, too deepe for us t' enquire into:  
What father would not storme, if his wild Sonne  
Should doe the deed, that Samson here had done?  
Nor doe I make it an exemplar act;  
Only, let parents not be too exact,*

To

*To curse their children, or to dispossesse  
Them of their blessings, Heaven may chance to blesse :  
Be not too strict : Faire language may recure  
A fault of youth, whilst rougher words obdure.*

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SECT.

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SECT. 9.

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ARGUMENT.

*Samson goes downe to celebrate  
His marriage, and his nuptiall feast:  
The Lyon, which he slue of late  
Hath hony in his putrid brest:*

**W**Hen as the long expected time was come,  
Wherein these lingring Lovers should consumme  
The promis'd marriage, and observe the rites,  
Pertaining to those festivall delights,  
*Samson* went downe to *Timnah*; there, t'enjoy  
The sweet possession of his dearest joy;  
But as he past those fruitfull Vineyards, where  
His hands. of late, acquit him of that feare  
(Wherewith the feirce assaulting Lyon quail'd  
His yet unpractis'd courage) and prevail'd  
Vpon his life; as by that place he past,  
He turn'd aside, and borrowed of his haft,  
A little time, wherein his eyes might view  
The Carcas of the Lyon which he slew;  
But when his wandring footsteps had drawne neere  
The unlamented herse, his wandring eare

H

Perceiv'd

Perceiv'd a murmring noise, discerning not  
From whence that strange confusion was, or what;  
He staies his steps, and harkens; still, the voice  
Presents his eare, with a continued noyse;  
At length, his gently moving feet apply  
Their paces to the Carkas, where his eye  
Discernes a Swarme of Bees, whose laden thighs  
Repos'd their burthens, and the painefull prize  
Of their sweet labour in the hollow Chest  
Of the dead Lyon, whose unbowell'd brest  
Became their plentious storehouse, where, they laid  
The blest encrease of their labourious Trade;  
The fleshly Hive was filld with curious Combes,  
Within whose dainty wax-divided roomes,  
Were shops of hony, whose delicious tast  
Did sweetly recompence th' adjourned hast  
Of lingring *Samson*, who does now repay  
The time he borrow'd from his better way,  
And with renewed speed, and pleasure flies,  
Where all his soule-delighting treasure lies;  
He goes to *Tinnab*; where, his heart doth finde  
A greater sweetnesse, then he left behinde;  
His hasty hands invite her gladder eyes  
To see, and lips to tast that obvious prize,  
His interrupted stay had lately tooke,  
And as she tasted, his fixt eyes would looke  
Vpon her varnisht lips; and, there, discover  
A sweeter sweetnesse, to content a Lover:  
And now the busie Virgins are preparing  
Their costly Jewells, for the next dayes wearing;

Each.

Each lappe is fill'd with Flowers, to compose  
The nuptiall Girland, for the Brides faire browes;  
The cost-neglecting Cookes have now encreast  
Their pastry dainties, to adorne the feast;  
Each willing hand is lab'ring to provide  
The needfull ornaments, to deck the *Bride*.

But now, the crafty *Philistins*, for feare  
Lest *Samsons* strength, (which startled every eare  
With dread and wonder) under that pretence,  
Should gaine the meanes, to offer violence;  
And, through the show of nuptiall devotion,  
Should take advantages to breed commotion,  
Or lest his popular power, by coaction  
Or faire entreats, may gather to his faction  
Some loose and discontented men of theirs,  
And so betray them to suspected feares;  
They therefore to prevent ensuing harmes,  
Gave strict-command, that thirty men of armes,  
Vnder the maske of *Bridemen*, should attend  
Vntill the nuptiall ceremonies end.

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## MEDITAT. 9.

**H**ow high, unutterable, how profound,  
 (Whose depth the line of knowledge cannot sound)  
 Are the decrees of the Eternall God!  
 How secret are his wayes- and how untrod  
 By mans conceipt, so deeply charg'd with doubt!  
 How are his Counsells past our finding out!  
 O, how unscrutable are his designs!  
 How deepe, and how unsearchable are the Mines  
 Of his abundant Wisedome! How obscure  
 Are his eternall Iudgements! and how sure!  
 Lists he to strike? The very Stones shall flie  
 From their unmov'd Foundations, and destroy:  
 Lists he to punish? Things that haue no sense,  
 Shall vindicate his Quarrell, on th' Offence:  
 Lists he to send a plague? The winters heate  
 And summers damp, shall make his will compleate:  
 Lists he to send the Sword? Occasion brings  
 New Icalousies betwixt the hearts of Kings.

Will

## The History of Samson.

33

Wills he a famine? Heaven shall turne to brasse,  
And earth to Iron, till it come to passe:  
Both stockes, and stones, and plants and beasts fulfill  
The secret Counsell of his sacred will,  
Man, onely wretched Man, is disagreeing  
To doe that thing, for which he hath his being:  
Samson must downe to Timnah; In the way,  
Must meete a Lyon, whom his hands must slay;  
The Lyo'ns putrid Carcas must enclose  
A swarme of Bees; and, from the Bees, arose  
A Riddle; and that Riddle must be read  
And by the reading, Choller must be bred,  
And that must bring to passe Gods just designes  
Vpon the death of the false Philistines:  
Behold the progresse, and the royall Gest  
Of Heavens high vengeance; how it never rests,  
Till, by appointed courses, it fulfill  
The secret pleasure of his sacred will.

Great Saviour of the world; Thou Lambe of Sion,  
That hides our sinnes: Thou art that wounded Lyon:  
O, in thy dying body, we have found  
A world of hony; whence we may propound  
Such sacred Riddles, as shall, underneath  
Our feet, subdue the power of Hell and Death;  
Such Misteries, as none but he, that plough'd  
With thy sweet Hayfer's, able to uncloud;  
Such sacred Misteries, whose eternall praise  
Shall make both Angells, and Archangells raise  
Their louder voices; and, in triumph, sing,  
All Glory and Honour to our highest King,

H 3

And

*And to the Lambe, that sits upon the throne ;  
Worthy of power and praise is he, alone,  
Whose glory hath advanc'd our key of mirth ;  
Glory to God, on high ; and peace, on Earth.*

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SECT.

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S E C T. IO.

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A R G V M E N T.

*The Bridegroom, at his nuptial Feast,  
To the Philistians, doth propound  
A Riddle: which they all addrest  
Themselves, in counsell, to expound.*

NOW, when the glory of the next dayes light  
Had chas'd the shadows of the tedious night,  
When coupling Hymen, with his nuptiall bands,  
And golden Fetters, had conjoyn'd their hands;  
When jolly welcome had, to every Guest,  
Expos'd the bounty of the marriage Feast;  
Their now appeased stomachs did enlarge  
Their captive tongues, with power to discharge  
And quit their Table-duty, and disburse  
Their store of enterchangeable discourse,  
Th'ingenious Bridegroom turn'd his rolling eyes  
Vpon his guard of Bridemen, and applies  
His speech to them: And, whilst that every man  
Lent his attentive care, he thus began;

*My tongue's in labour, and my thoughts abound;  
I have a doubtfull Riddle, to propound;*

*Which,*

*Which if your joyned wisedomes can discover,  
 Before our seauen dayes feasting be past over;  
 Then, thirty Sheets, and thirty new supplies  
 Of Rayment shall be your deserved prize:  
 But if the seauen dayes feast shall be dissolv'd,  
 Before my darkned Riddle be resolu'd,  
 Ye shall be all engaged to resigne  
 The like to me, the vict'ry being mine:  
 So said; the Bridemen, whose exchanged eyes  
 Found secret hopes of conquest, thus replies:  
 Propound thy Riddle: Let thy tongue dispatch  
 Her cloudy errand: We accept the match:  
 With that, the hopefull Challenger conuai'd  
 His Riddle to their hearkning eares, and said;*

*The Riddle.*

*Our food, in plenty, doth proceed  
 From him, that us'd to eate;  
 And he, whose custome was to feede  
 Does now afford us meate;  
 A thing that I did lately meet,  
 As I did passe along,  
 Afforded me a dainty sweet,  
 Yet was both sharp and strong:*

The doubtfull Riddle being thus propounded,  
 They muse; the more they mus'd, the more confounded:  
 One rownds his whispring neighbour, in the eare,  
 Whose lab'ring lips deny him leave to heare:

Another

## *The History of Samson*

75

Another, trusting rather to his owne  
Conceit, sits musing, by himselfe, alone :  
Here, two are closely whispering, till a third  
Comes in, nor to the purpose speakes a word :  
There, sits two more, and they cannot agree  
How rich the cloaths, how fine the Sheets must be :  
Yonder stands one that, musing, smiles; no doubt,  
But he is neere it, if not found it out ;  
To whom another rudely rushes in,  
And puts him quite besides his thought agin :  
Here, three are whispring, and a fourth's intrusion  
Spoiles all, and puts them all into confusion :  
There, sits another in a Chaire, so deepe:  
In thought, that he is nodding fast a sleepe:  
The more their busie fancies doe endeavor,  
The more they erre; Now, further off, then ever :  
Thus when their wits, spur'd on with sharp desire,  
Had lost their breath, and now began to tire,  
They ceas'd to tempt conceit beyond her strength;  
And, weary of their thoughts, their thoughts at length  
Present a new exploit : Craft must supplie  
Defects of wit; Their hopes must now relie  
Vpon the frailty of the tender Bride;  
She must be mov'd; Perswasions may attaine;  
If not, then rougher language must constrain :  
She must disclose the *Riddle*, and discover  
The bosome secrets of her faithfull lover.

## MEDITAT. IO.

**T**Here is a time, to laugh : A time, to turne  
 Our smiles to teares : There is a time to mourne :  
 There is a time for joy; and a time for griefe;  
 A time to want; and a time to finde reliefe;  
 A time to binde; and there's a time to breake;  
 A time for silence; and a time to speake;  
 A time to labour; and a time to rest;  
 A time to fast in; and a time to feast :  
 Things, that are lawfull, haue their times and use;  
 Created good; and, onely by abuse,  
 Made bad: Our sinfull usage does unfashion  
 What heaven hath made, and makes a new creation :  
 Ioy is a blessing : but too great excesse  
 Makes Ioy, a Madnesse, and, does quite unblesse  
 So sweet a gift; And, what, by moderate use;  
 Crownes our desiers, banes them in th' abuse :  
 Wealth is a blessing ; But too eager thirst  
 Of having more, makes what we have, accurst :  
 Rest is a blessing; But when Rest withstands  
 The healthfull labour of our helpfull hands,

## The History of Samson.

59

*It proves a curse; and stains our guilt, with crime,  
Betraies our irrecoverable time :*

*To feast and to refresh our hearts with pleasure,  
And fill our soules with th' overflowing measure  
Of heavens blest bounty, cannot but commend*

*The pretious favours of so sweet a friend ;*

*But, when th' abundance of a liberall diet,*

*Meant for a blessing, is abus'd by Riot,*

*Th' abused blessing leaves the gift, nay worse,*

*It is transform'd, and turn'd into a curse :*

*Things that afford most pleasure, in the use,*

*Are ever found most harmfull in th' abuse :*

*Use them like Masters ; and their tyrannous hand*

*Subjects thee, like a slave, to their command :*

*Use them as Servants ; and they will obey thee ;*

*Take heed ; They'l eyther blesse thee, or betray thee.*

*Could our Fore-fathers but revive, and see*

*Their Childrens Feasts, as now a dayes they be ;*

*Their studied dishes ; Their restoring stuffe,*

*To make their wanton bodies sinne enough ;*

*Their stomacke-whetting Sallats, to invite*

*Their wastfull palats to an appetite ;*

*Their thirst-procuring dainties, to refine*

*Their wanton tastes, and make them strong, for wine ;*

*Their costly viands, charg'd with rich perfume ;*

*Their Viper-wines, to make old age presume*

*To feele new lust, and youthfull flames agin,*

*And serve another prentiship to sinne ;*

*Their time-betraying Musicke ; their base noise*

*Of odious Fiddlers, with their smooth-fac'd boyes,*

*Whose tongues are perfect, if they can proclame  
The Quintessence of basenesse, without shame;  
Their deepe mouth'd curses; New invented Oathes,  
Their execrable Blasphemy, that loathes  
A minde to thinke on; Their obsceaner words;  
Their drunken Quarrells; Their unsheathed swords;  
O how they'd blesse themselves, and blush, for shame,  
In our behalfe, and hast from whence they came,  
To kisse their graves, that hid them from the crimes  
Of these accursed and prodigious times.*

*Great God; O, can thy patient eye behold  
This height of sinne, and can thy Vengeance hold?*

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SECT.

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SECT. II.

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ARGUMENT.

*The Philistins cannot unsolve  
The Riddle : They corrupt the Bride ;  
She wooes her Bridegroom to resolve  
Her doubt, but goes away denyde.*

**N**OW when three dayes had run their howers out,  
And left no hope for wit-forfaken doubt  
To be resolv'd, the desp'rate undertakers  
Conjoyn'd their whilpring heads; (being all partakers  
And joynt-advisers in their new-laid plot)  
The time's concluded: Have yee not forgot  
How the old *Tempter*, when he first began  
To worke th' unhappy overthrow of man,  
Accosts the simple woman; and reflects  
Vpon the frailty of her weaker Sex;  
Even so these curs'd *Philistians* (being taught  
And tutord by the selfe same spirit) wrought  
The selfe same way; Their speedy steps are bent  
To the faire Bride; Their hast could giue no vent  
To their coarcted thoughts; their language made  
A little respite; and, at length, they said;

Fairest of Creatures : Let thy gentle heart  
 Receive the crowne, due to so faire desert ;  
 We have a Suit, that must attend the leisure  
 Of thy best thoughts, and joy-restoring pleasure ;  
 Our names, and credits linger at the stake  
 Of deepe dishonour : If thou undertake,  
 With pleasing language, to prevent the losse,  
 They must sustaine, and draw them from the drosse  
 Of their owne ruines, they shall meerey owe  
 Themselves unto thy goodnesse, and shall know  
 No other patron, and acknowledge none,  
 As their redeemer, but thy love alone :  
 We cannot read the Riddle, where unto  
 We have engag'd our goods, and credits too ;  
 Entice thy jolly Bridgroom, to unfold  
 The hidden Myst'ry, (what can he withhold  
 From the rare beauty of so faire a brow ?)  
 And when thou knowst it, let thy servants know :  
 What ? dost thou frowne ? And must our easie tryall,  
 At first, reade Hieroglyphickes of deniall ?  
 And art thou silent too ? Nay, wee'l give ore  
 To tempt thy bridall fondnesse any more :  
 Betray your lovely husbands secrets ? No,  
 You'l first betray us, and our Land : But know,  
 Proud Samsons wife, our furies shall make good  
 Our losse of wealth and honour, in thy blood :  
 Where faire entreaties spend themselves, in vaine,  
 There fier shall consume, or else constraine :  
 Know then, false hearted Bride, if our request  
 Can find no place within thy sullen brest,

## *The History of Samson.*

63

*Our hands shall vindicate our lost desire,  
And burne thy Fathers house, and thee, with fire :  
Thus having lodg'd their errand in her eares,  
They left the roome; and her, unto her feares ;  
Who thus bethought ; Hard is the case, that I  
Must or betray my husbands trust, or dye ;  
I have a Wolfe by th' eares; I dare be bold,  
Neither with safety, to let goe, nor hold :  
What shall I doe ? Their minds if I fulfill not,  
'Tis death; And to betray his trust, I will not :  
Nay, should my lips demand, perchance, his breath  
Will not resolve me : Then, no way, but death :  
The wager is not great; Rather the strife  
Were ended in his losse, then in my life ;  
His life consists in mine, If ought amisse  
Befall my life, it may endanger his :  
Wagers must yeeld to life; I hold it best,  
Of necessary evils, to choose the least :  
Why doubt I then? When Reason bids me doe ;  
Ile know the Riddle, and betray it too :  
With that, she quits her chamber, with her cares,  
And in her closet locks up all her feares,  
And, with a speed untainted with delay,  
She found that brest, wherein her owne heart lay ;  
Where resting for a while, at length, did take  
A faire occasion to looke up, and spake :*

*Life of my soule, and loves perpetuall treasure,  
If my desires be suiting to thy pleasure,  
My lips would move a Suite; My doubtfull brest  
Would faine preferre an undenyde request :*

*Speake*

*Speake then (my joy) : Let thy faire lips expound  
 That dainty Riddle, whose darke pleasure crown'd  
 Our first dayes feast; Enlighten my dull braine,  
 That, ever since, hath mus'd, and mus'd in vaine;  
 Who, often smiling on his lovely Bride,  
 That longs to goe away resolv'd, repli'd;  
 Joy of my heart, let not thy troubled brest  
 Take the deniall of thy small request,  
 As a defect of love : excuse my tongue  
 That must not grant thy suite without a wrong  
 To resolution, daring not discover  
 The hidden Myst'ry, till the time be over ;  
 Cease to importune then, what can not be;  
 My parents know it not, as well as thee :  
 In ought but this, thy Suite shall overcome me ;  
 Excuse me then, and goe not angry from me.*

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MEDITAT. II.

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**H**ow apprehensive is the heart of Man  
 Of all, and onely those poore things that can  
 Lend him a minuts pleasure, and appay  
 His sweat but with the happinesse of a day !

How

## The History of Samson.

65

How can he toyle for trifles, and take paine  
For fading goods, that only entertaine  
His pleased thoughts with poore and painted shoves,  
Whose joy hath no more truth, then what it owes  
To change! How are the objects of his musing  
Worthlesse, and vaine, that perish in the using?  
How reasonable are his poore desires,  
The height of whose ambition, but aspires  
To flitting shadowes, which can onely crowne  
His labour, with that nothing, of their owne!  
We feed on huskes, that might as well attaine  
The fatted Calfe, by comming home againe:  
And, like to Esau, while we are suppressing  
Our present wants, neglect and lose the blessing:  
How wise we are for things, whose pleasure cootes  
Like breath; For everlasting joyes, what Fooles!  
How witty, how ingeniously wise,  
To save our credits, or to win a prize!  
We plot; Our browes are studious: First we try  
One way; If that succeed not, we apply  
Our doubtfull minds t' attempt another course:  
We take advise; consult; our tongues discourse  
Of better wayes; and, what our failing braines  
Cannot effect with faire, and fruitlesse paines,  
There, crooked fraud must help, and slie deceit  
Must lend a hand; which, by the potent sleight  
Of right-for-saking Bribric, must betray  
The prize into our hands, and win the day,  
Which if it faile (it does but seldome faile)  
Then open force, and fury must prevaile:

K

When

*When strength of wit, and secret power of fraud  
Grow dull, constraint must conquer, and applaud  
With ill got vict'ry; which, at length obtaind,  
Alas, how poore a trifle have we gaind!*

*How are our soules distempered; to engrosse  
Such fading pleasures! To ore-prize the dresse,  
And under-rate the gold! for painted loyes,  
To sell the true; and heaven it selfe for Toyes!*

*Lord; clarifie mine eyes, that I may know  
Things that are good, from what are good in show:  
And give me wisdom, that my heart may learne  
The difference of thy favours, and discern  
What's truly good from what is good, in part;  
With Martha's trouble, give me Maries heart.*

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S E C T. 12.

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A R G V M E N T.

*The Bride shee begs, and begs in vaine :  
But like to a prevailing wooer,  
She sues, and sues, and sues againe;  
At last he reads the Riddle to her.*

**W**Hen the next morning had renew'd the day,  
And th' earely twilight now had chac'd away  
The pride of night, and made her lay aside  
Her spangled Robes, the discontented Bride  
(Whose troubled thoughts were tired with the night,  
And broken slumbers long had wisht for light)  
With a deepe sigh, her sorrow did awake  
Her drowfie Bridegroome, whom she thus bespake;  
*O, if thy love could share an equall part  
In the sad griefes of my afflicted heart,  
Thy closed eyes had never, in this sort,  
Bin pleas'd with rest, and made thy night so short;  
Perchance, if my dull eyes had slumbred too,  
My dreames had done, what thou denide to doe :  
Perchance, my Fancy would have bin so kinde,  
T' unsolve the doubts of my perplexed minde,*

*Twas a small suite, that thy unluckie Bride  
 Must light upon: Too small, to be denyde:  
 Can love so soone — ? But ere her lips could spend  
 The following words, he said, suspend, suspend  
 Thy rash attempt, and let thy tongue dispend  
 With forc'd denyall: Let thy lips commence  
 Some greater Suite, and Samson shall make good  
 Thy faire desires, with his dearest blood:  
 Speake then, my love; thou shalt not wish, and want;  
 Thou canst not beg, what Samson cannot grant:  
 Onely, in this, excuse me: and refraine  
 To beg, what thou, perforce, must beg in vaine.*

*Inexorable Samson: Can the teares  
 From those faire eyes, not move thy deafned eares?  
 O can those drops, that trickle from those eyes  
 Vpon thy naked bosome, not surprize  
 Thy neighb'ring heart? and force it to obey?  
 O can thy heart not melt, as well as they?  
 Thou little thinkst thy poore afflicted wife  
 Importunes thee, and wooes thee for her life:  
 Her Suit's as great a Riddle to thine eares,  
 As thine, to hers; O, these distilling teares  
 Are silent pleaders, and her moistned breath  
 Would faine redeeme her, from the gates of death?  
 May not her teares prevaile? Alas, thy strife  
 Is but for wagers; Her's, poore Soule, for life.*

*Now when this day had yeelded up his right  
 To the succeeding Empresse of the night,  
 Whose soone-deposed raigne did reconvey  
 Her crowne and Scepter to the new borne day,*

The restless Bride (feares cannot brooke deniall)  
Renewes her suite, and attempts a further tryall;  
Entreats; conjures; she leaves no way untride:  
She will not; no, she must not be denide:  
But he (the portalls of whose marble heart  
Was lockt and barr'd against the powerfull art  
Of oft repeated teares) stood deafe and dumbe;  
He must not, no, he will not be orecome.

*[ Poore Bride! How is thy glory overcast!  
How is the pleasure of the nuptials past,  
When scarce begun! Alas, how poore a breath  
Of joy, must puffe thee to untimely death!  
The day's at hand, wherein thou must untie  
The Riddles tangled Snarle, or else must die;*

Now, when that day was come wherein the feast  
Was to expire; the Bride, (whose pensive brest  
Grew sad to death) did once more undertake  
Her too resolved Bridegroom thus, and spake:

*Vpon these knees, that prostrate on the floore,  
Are lowly bended, and shall nev'r give ore  
To move thy goodnesse, that shall never rise,  
Vntill my Suite finde favour in thine eyes,  
Vpon these naked knees, I here present  
My sad request: O let thy heart relent;  
A Suitor sues, that never sued before;  
And she begs now, that never will beg more:  
Hast thou vow'd silence? O remember, how  
Thou art engaged by a former vow;  
Thy heart is mine; The secrets of thy heart  
Are mine; Why art thou dainty to impart*

*Mine owne, to me ? Then, give me leave to sue  
For what, my right may challenge as her due ;  
Unfold thy Riddle then, that I may know,  
Thy love is more, then only love, in show :*

*The Bridegroom, thus enchanted by his Bride,  
Unseal'd his long-kept silence, and replide :  
Thou sole, and great commandresse of my heart,  
Thou hast prevail'd, my bosome shall impart  
The summe of thy desiers, and discharge  
The faithfull secrets of my soule, at large ;*

*Know then, (my joy) Vpon that very day,  
I, first, made knowne my' affection, on the way,  
I met, and grappled with a sturdy Lyon,  
Having nor staffe nor weapon, to relie on,  
I was enforc'd to proove my naked strength ;  
Vnequall was the match ; But, at the length,  
This brawney arme, receiuing strength from him  
That gave it life, I tore him limme from limme,  
And left him dead : Now when the time was come,  
Wherein our promis'd nuptialls were to summe,  
And perfect all my joyes, as I was comming  
That very way, a strange confused humming,  
Not distant farre, possessest my wondring eare ;  
Where guided by the noise, there did appeare  
A Swarme of Bees, whose busie labours fill'd  
The Carkasse of that Lyon which I kill'd,  
With Combes of Hony, wherewithall I fed  
My lips and thine : And now my Riddle's read.*

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MEDITAT. 12.

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**T**He soule of man, before the taint of Nature,  
Bore the faire Image of his great Creator;  
His understanding had no cloud: His will  
No crosse: That, knew no Error; This, no ill:  
But man transgreſt; And by his wofull fall,  
Loſt that faire Image, and that little all  
Was left, was all corrupt: His understanding  
Exchang'd her object; Reason left commanding;  
His Memory was depraved, and his will  
Can finde no other ſubject now, but Ill:  
It grew diſtemper'd, left the righteous reine  
Of better Reason, and did entertaine  
The rule of Paſſion, under whose command,  
It ſuffered Ship-wracke, upon every Sand:  
Where it ſhould march, it evermore retires;  
And, what is moſt forbid, it moſt deſires:  
Love makes it ſee too much; and often, blinde;  
Doubt makes it light, and waver like the winde;  
Hate makes it fierce, and ſtudioſ; Anger, mad;  
Ioy makes it careleſſe; Sorrow, dull and ſad;

Hope

Hope makes it nimble, for a needlesse tryall;  
 Feare makes it too impatient of deniall.  
 Great Lord of humane soules; O thou, that art  
 The onely true refiner of the heart;  
 Whose hands created all things perfect good,  
 What canst thou now expect of flesh and blood?  
 How are our leprous Soules put out of fashion!  
 How are our Wills subjected to our passion!  
 How is thy glorious Image soil'd, defac'd,  
 And stain'd with sinne! How are our thoughts displac'd!  
 How wavering are our hopes, turn'd here and there  
 With every blast! How carnall is our feare!  
 Where needs no feare, we start at every shade,  
 But feare not, where we ought to be affraid.

Great God! If thou wilt please but to refine  
 Our hearts, and reconforme our wills, to thine,  
 Thou'lt take a pleasure in us, and poore we  
 Should finde as infinite delight in Thee;  
 Our doubts would cease, our feares would all remove,  
 And all our passions would turne Ioy, and Love;  
 Till then, expect for nothing that is good:  
 Remember, Lord, we are but Flesh and Blood.

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SECT. 13.

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ARGUMENT.

*The Philistines, by her advice,  
Expound the Riddle : Samson kild  
Thirty Philistians, in a trice;  
Forsakes his Bride : His Bed's defilde.*

**N**O sooner was the Brides attentive eares  
Resolv'd and pleas'd; but her impetuous feares  
Calls in the Bridemen; and, to them betraid  
The secret of the Riddle thus, and said:

*You Sonnes of Thunder; T was not the loud noise  
Of your provoking threats, nor the soft voice  
Of my prevailing feares, that thus addrest  
My yeelding heart to grant your forc'd request;  
Your language needed not have bin so rough  
To speake too much, when lesse had bin enough:  
Your speech at first, was hony in mine eare;  
At length, it prov'd a Lyon, and did teare  
My wounded soule : It sought to force me to  
What your entreaties were more apt to doe:  
Know then (to keepe your lingring eares no longer  
From what ye long to beare;) There's nothing stronger  
Then a fierce Lyon: Nothing more can greet  
Your pleased palats, with a greater sweet,*

L

Then

Then Hony : *But more fully to expound,*  
In a dead Lyon, there was Hony found.

Now when the Sun was welking in the West,  
(Whose fall determines both the day, and Feast)  
The hopefull Bridegroom (he whose smiling brow  
Assur'd his hopes a speedy Conquest now)  
Even thirsting for victorious Tryumph, brake  
The crafty silence of his lips, and spake :

*The time is come, whose latest hower ends*  
*Our nuptiall Feast, and fairely recommends*  
*The wreath of Conquest to the victors brow ;*  
*Say; Is the Riddle read? Expound it now;*  
*And, for your paines, these hands shall soone resign*  
*Your conquerd prize : If not; The prize is mine :*  
With that, they joyn'd their whispering heads, and made  
A Speaker; who, in louder language, said;  
*Of all the sweets, that ere were knowne,*  
*There's none so pleasing be,*  
*As those rare dainties, which doe crowne*  
*The labour of the Bee :*  
*Of all the Creatures in the field ;*  
*That ever man set eye on,*  
*There's none, whose power doth not yeeld*  
*Vnto the stronger Lyon.*

Whereto th' offended Challenger, whose eye  
Proclaim'd a quicke Revenge, made this reply :  
*No Hony's sweeter then a womans tongue;*  
*And, when she list, Lyons are not so strong :*  
*How thrice accurs'd are they, that doe fulfill*  
*The lewd desires of a woman's will!*

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*How more accurs'd is he, that doth impart  
His bosome secrets to a womans heart ;  
They plead like Angells, and, like Crocadiles,  
Kill with their teares; They murther with their smiles :  
How weake a thing is woman ? Nay how weake  
Is senslesse Man, that will be urg'd to breake  
His counsells in her eare, that hath no power  
To make secure a secret, for an hower !  
No: victors, no : Had not a womans minde  
Bin faithlesse, and unconstant, as the winde,  
My Riddle had, till now, a Riddle bin ;  
You might have mus'd; and mist; and mus'd agin,  
When the next day had heav'd his golden head  
From the soft pillow of his Seagreene bed ;  
And, with his rising glory, had possesst  
The spacious borders of th' enlightned East,  
Samson arose; and, in a rage, went downe  
(By heaven directed) to a neighbring towne ;  
His choller was inflam'd; and, from his eye  
The sudden flashes of his wrath did flie;  
Palenesse was in his cheekes; and, from his breath,  
There flew the fierce Embassadors of death;  
He heav'd his hand; and where it fell, it flew;  
He spent, and still his forces would renew ;  
His quick-redoubled blowes fell thicke as thunder;  
And, whom he tooke alive, he tore in sunder :  
His arme nere mist; And often, at a blow,  
He made a Widow, and an Orphane too :  
Here, it divides the Father from the child ;  
The husband, from his wife; there, it dispoild*

The friend on's friend, the sister of her brother;  
And, oft, with one man, he would thrash another :  
Where never was, he made a little flood,  
And where there was no kin, he joyn'd in blood,  
Wherein, his ruthlesse hands he did imbrue;  
Thrice ten, before he scarce could breathe, he flue;  
Their upper Garments, which he tooke away,  
Were all the spoiles the victor had, that day;  
Wherewith, he quit the wagers that he lost,  
Paying *Philistians*, with *Philistians* cost;  
And thus, at length, with blood he did asswage,  
But yet not quench the fier of his rage,  
For now the thought of his disloyall wife,  
In his sad soule, renew'd a second strife,  
From whom, for feare his fury should recoile,  
He thought most fit t' absent himselfe awhile;  
Vnto his fathers Tent, he now return'd;  
Where, his divided passion rag'd, and mourn'd;  
In part, he mourned; and, he rag'd, in part,  
To see so faire a face; so false a heart :  
But marke the mischief that his absence brings;  
His bed's defiled, and the nuptiall strings  
Are stretcht and crackt : A second love doth smother  
The first; And she is wedded to another.

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MEDITAT. 13.

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**VV** *As this that wombe, the Angell did enlarge  
From barrennesse? And gave so strickt a charge?  
Was this that wombe, that must not be defil'd  
With uncleane meates, lest it pollute the child?  
Is this the Nazarite? May a Nazarite, then,  
Embrue and paddle in the bloods of men?  
Or may their vowes be so dispens'd withall,  
That they, who scarce may see a funerall,  
Whose holy footsteps must beware to tread  
Vpon, or touch the carkasse of the dead?  
May these revenge their wrongs, by blood? May these  
Have power to Kill, and murther where they please?*  
*Tis true: A holy Nazarite is forbid  
To doe such things as this our Nazarite did:  
He may not touch the bodies of the dead,  
Without pollution; much lesse, may shed  
The blood of man, or touch it, being spilt,  
Without the danger of a double guilt:  
But who art thou, that art an undertaker,  
To question with, or pleade against thy Maker?  
May not that God, that gave thee thy creation,  
Turne thee to nothing, by his dispensation?*

*He that hath made the Sabbath, and commands  
 It shall be kept with unpolluted hands;  
 Yet, if he please to countermand agin,  
 Man may securely labour, and not sin;  
 A Nazarite is not allow'd to shed  
 The blood of man, or once to touch the dead;  
 But if the God of Nazarites, bids kill  
 He may; and be a holy Nazarite still:*

*But stay! Is God like Man? Or can he border  
 Upon confusion, that's the God of order?  
 The Persian Lawes no time may contradict;  
 And are the Lawes of God lesse firme and strict?*

*An earthly Parent wills his child to stand  
 And waite; within a while, he gives command  
 (Finding the weakenesse of his Sonne opprest  
 With wearinesse) that he sit downe and rest;  
 Is God unconstant then; because he pleases  
 To alter, what he wild us, for our eases?  
 Know, likewise, O ungratefull flesh and blood,  
 God limits his owne glory, for our good;  
 He is the God of mercy, and he prizes  
 Thine Asses life, above his Sacrifices;  
 His Sabbath is his glory, and thy rest;  
 Hee'l lose some honour, ere thou lose a Beast:*

*Great God of mercy; O, how apt are wee  
 To robbe thee of thy due, that art so free  
 To give unaskt! Teach me, O God, to know  
 What portion I deserve, and tremble too.*

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SECT. 14.

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ARGUMENT.

*Samson comes downe to reenjoy  
His wife : Her father does withstand :  
For which, he threatens to destroy  
And ruine him, and all the land.*

**B**Vt Samson, (yet not knowing what was past,  
For wronged husbands ever are the last  
That heare the newes) thus with himselfe bethought;  
*It cannot be excus'd: It was a fault,  
It was a foule one too ; and, at first sight,  
Too greate for love, or pardon to acquite :  
O, had it bin a stranger, that betraid  
Repos'd secrets, I had onely laid  
The blame upon my unadvised tongue;  
Or had a common friend but done this wrong  
To bosome trust, my patience might out-worne it ;  
I could endur'd, I could have easily borne it;  
But thus to be betraied by a wife,  
The partner of my heart; to whom my life,  
My very soule was not esteemed deare,  
Is more then flesh, is more then blood can beare :  
But yet alas, She was but greene, and young,  
And had not gain'd the conquest of her tongue;*

*Unseasond*

*Unseasond vessells, oft, will finde a leak  
 At first; but after, hold : She is but weake,  
 Nay, cannot yet write woman; which, at best,  
 Is a fraile thing : Alas young things will quest  
 At every turne; Indeed, to say the truth,  
 Her yeares could make it but a fault of youth :  
 Samson, returne; and let that fault be set  
 Upon the score of youth : forgive; forget :  
 She is my wife : Her love hath power to hide  
 A fouler error; Why should I divide  
 My presence from her ? There's no greater wrong  
 To love, then to be silent over long :  
 Alas, poore soule ! No doubt, her tender eye  
 Hath wept enough; perchance she knows not why  
 I'me turn'd so great a stranger to her bed,  
 And boord : No doubt, her empty eyes have shed  
 A world of teares; perchance, her guiltlesse thought  
 Conceives my absence as a greater fault  
 Then that, of late, her harmelesse Error did ;  
 I'l goe and draw a reconciling Kid  
 From the faire flocke; My feet shall never rest,  
 Till I repose me in my Brides faire brest ;  
 He went; but ere his speedy lips obtain'd  
 The merits of his hast, darknesse had stain'd  
 The cristall brow of day; and gloomy night  
 Had spoild and rifled heaven of all his light :  
 H'approach'd the gates; but, being entred in,  
 His carelesse welcome seem'd so cold and thin,  
 As if that silence meant, it should appeare,  
 He was no other, then a stranger, there;*

In every servants looke, hee did espie  
An easie Copie of their Masters eye;  
He call'd his wife, but she was gone to rest;  
Vnto her wonted chamber he addrest  
His doubtfull steps; till, by her father, staid,  
Who taking him aside a little, said.  
Son;

*It was the late espousals that doe move  
My tongue to use that title; not, thy love:  
Tis true; there was a Mariage lately past  
Betweene my Childe, and you; The knot was fast  
And firmly tyed, not subject to the force  
Of any powre, but death, or else divorce:  
For ought I saw, a mutuell desire  
Kindled your likings, and an equall fire  
Of strong affection, joyned both your hands  
With the perpetuall knot of nuptiall bands;  
Mutuall delight, and equall loyes attended  
Your pleased hearts, untill the feast was ended;  
But then, I know no ground, (you know it best)  
As if your loves were measur'd by the Feast,  
The building fell, before the house did shake,  
Loves fire was quencht, ere it began to slake;  
All on a sudden were your joyes disseis'd;  
For sooke your Bride, and went away displeas'd;  
You left my childe to the opprobrious tongues  
Of open censure, whose malicious wrongs,  
(Maligning her faire merits) did defame  
Her wounded honour, and unblemisht name;  
I thought, thy love, which was so strong, of late,*

Had, on a sudden, turn'd to perfect hate :  
 At length, when as your longer absence did  
 Confirme my thoughts; and time had quite forbid  
 Our hopes t' expect a reaccessse of love,  
 Thinking some new affection did remove  
 Your heart, and that some second choice might smother  
 The first, I match'd your Bride unto another;  
 If we have done amisse, the fault must be  
 Imputed yours, and not to her, nor me;  
 But if your easie losse maybe redeem'd  
 With her faire Sister (who, you know's esteem'd  
 More beautifull then she, and younger too)  
 Shee shall be firmly joyn'd by nuptiall vow,  
 And, by a present contract, shall become  
 Thy faithfull spouse, in her lost sisters roome :  
 With that, poore Samson, like a man entranc'd,  
 And newly wakened, thus his voice advanc'd;

Presumptious Philistine ! That dost proceed  
 From the base loines of that accursed seed,  
 Branded for slaughter, and mark'd out for death;  
 And utter ruine; this my threatening breath  
 Shall blast thy nation; This revenging hand  
 Shall crush thy carcasse, and thy cursed land;  
 I'll give thy flesh to Ravens, and ravinous Swine  
 Shall take that rancke and tainted blood of thine  
 For wash and swill; to quench their eager thirst,  
 Which they shall sucke, and guzzle till they burst;  
 I'll burne your standing Corne with flames of fire,  
 That none shall quench; Ile drag yee in the mire  
 Of your owne bloods, which shall ore-flow the land

And

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*And make your pasture barren as the sand;  
This ruthlesse arme shall smite and never stay,  
Vntill your land be turn'd a Golgotha;  
And if my actions prove my words untrue,  
Let Samson die, and die accur's'd, as you.*

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### MEDITAT. 14.

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**G**od is the God of peace: And if my brother  
Strike me on one cheek, must I turne the tother?  
God is the God of mercy; And his childe  
Must be as he is, Mercifull and milde;  
God is the God of Love: But sinner, know,  
His love abus'd, hee's God of vengeance too.  
Is God the God of vengeance? And may none  
Revenge his private wrongs, but he alone?  
What meanes this franticke Nazarite to take  
Gods office from his hand, and thus to make  
His wrongs amends? Whom warranted his breath  
To threaten ruine, and to thunder death?

Curious Inquisitor; when God shall strike  
By thy stout arme, thy arme may doe the like:  
His Patent gives him power to create  
A Deputie, to whom he doth collate  
Assistant power, in sufficient measure,

To exercise the office of his pleasure;  
 A lawfull Prince is Gods Lieutenant, here:  
 As great a Majesty as flesh can beare,  
 He is endued withall; In his bright eye  
 (Cloath'd in the flames of Majesty) doth lie  
 Both life and death; Into his Royall heart  
 Heaven doth inspire, and secretly impart  
 The treasure of his Lawes; Into his hand  
 He trusts his Sword of Iustice, and Command:  
 He is Gods Champion; where his voice bids, kill,  
 He must not feare t'imbrue his hands, and spill  
 Abundant blood; Who gives him power to doe,  
 Will find him guiltlesse, and assist him, too:  
 O, but let flesh and blood take heed, that none  
 Pretend Gods quarrell, to revenge his owne;  
 Malice, and base Revenge must step aside,  
 When heavens uprighter Battels must be tride.

Where, carnall Glory, or ambitious thirst  
 Of simple conquest, or revenge, does burst  
 Upon a neighbring Kingdome; there to thrust  
 Into anothers Crowne, The warre's not just;  
 Tis but a private quarrell; and bereft  
 Of lawfull grounds: Tis but a Princely Theft:  
 But where the ground's Religion; to defend  
 Abused faith; let Princes, there, contend,  
 With dauntles courage: May their acts be glorious;  
 Let them goe, prosperous; and returne, victorious:  
 What if the grounds be mixt? Feare not to goe;  
 Were not the Grounds of Samsons Combate so:  
 Goe then, with double courage, and renowne,

*When*

*When God shall mixe thy Quarrels with his owne :  
Tis a brave Conflict ; and a glorious Fray,  
Where God and Princes shall divide the Pray.*

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S E C T. 15.

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A R G V M E N T.

*He barnes their standing corne ; makes void  
Their Land : The Philistines enquire  
The cause of all their evill ; destroy'd  
The Timnre, and his house with fire.*

**A**S ragefull Samsons threatning language ceast,  
His Resolution of revenge increast ;  
Vengeance was in his thoughts, and his desire  
Wanted no fuell to maintaine her fire :  
Passion grew hot and furious, whose delay  
Of execution, was but taking day  
For greater payment : His revengfull heart  
Boild in his brest, whilst Fury did impart  
Her ready counsels, whose imperious breath,  
Could whisper nothing, under blood, and death :  
Revenge was studious, quickned his conceit,  
And screw'd her Engins to the very height :  
At length, when time had rip'ned his desires,  
And puffing rage had blowne his secret fires  
To open flame, now ready for confusion,

He thus began t' attempt his first conclusion;  
 The patient Angler, first, provides his baite,  
 Before his hopes can teach him to awaite  
 Th' enjoyment of his long expected prey;  
 Revengefull *Samson*, ere hee can appay  
 His wrongs with timely vengeance, must intend  
 To gaine the Instruments, to worke his end;  
 He plants his Engines, hides his snares about,  
 Pitches his Toiles, findes new devices out,  
 To tangle wilie *Foxes*; In few dayes,  
 (That land had store) his studious hand betrayes  
 A leash of hundreds, which he thus imployes,  
 As Agents in his ragefull enterprize;  
 With tough, and force-enduring thongs of Lether,  
 He joynes and couples taile, and taile together,  
 And every thonge bound in a Brand of Fire,  
 So made by Art, that motion would inspire  
 Continuall flames, and, as the motion ceast,  
 The thrifty blaze would then retire and rest  
 In the close Brand, untill a second strife  
 Gave it new motion; and that motion, life:  
 Soone as these coupled Messengers receiv'd  
 Their fiery Errand, though they were bereiv'd  
 Of power to make great hast, they made good speed;  
 Their thoughts were diffring, though their tailes agreed:  
 T'one drags and drawes to th' East; the other, West;  
 One fit, they run; another while they rest;  
 T'one skulks and snarles, the t'other tugges and hales;  
 At length, both flee, with fier in their tailes,  
 And in the top and height of all their speed,

T'one

T'one stops, before the tother be agreed;  
The other pulls, and drags his fellow backe,  
Whilst both their tailes were tortur'd on the racke;  
At last, both weary of their warme Embassage,  
Their better ease discride a fairer passage,  
And time hath taught their wiser thoughts to joyne  
More close, and travell in a straighter line:  
Into the open Champion they divide  
Their straggling paces (where the ploughmans pride  
Found a faire Object, in his rip'ned Corne;  
Whereof, some part was reapt; some, stood unshorne)  
Sometimes, the fiery travellers would seeke  
Protection beneath a swelling Reeke;  
But soone that harbour grew too hot for staie,  
Affording onely light, to run away;  
Sometimes, the full-ear'd standing-wheat must cover  
And hide their shames; & there the flames would hover  
About their eares, and send them to enquire  
A cooler place; but, there, the flaming fire  
Would scorch their hides, and send them sing'd away;  
Thus, doubtfull where to goe, or where to stay,  
They range about; Flee forward; then retire,  
Now here, now there; Where ere they come, they fire;  
Nothing was left, that was not lost, and burn'd;  
And now, that fruitfull land of Iewry's turn'd  
A heape of Ashes; That faire land, while ere  
Which filld all hearts with joy, and every care  
With newes of plenty, and of blest encrease,  
(The joyfull issue of a happy peace)  
See, how it lies in her owne ruines, void

Of all her happinesse, disguiz'd, destroy'd :  
 With that the *Philistines*, whose sad reliefe  
 And comfort's deeply buried in their griefe,  
 Began to question (they did all partake  
 In th' irrecoverable losse) and spake,

*What cursed brand of Hell? What more then Devill,  
 What envious Miscreant hath done this evill?*

Whereto, one sadly standing by, replide;

*It was that cursed Samson (whose faire Bride  
 Was lately ravisht from his absent brest*

*By her false father) who before the feast  
 Of nuptiall was a month expir'd, and done,*

*By second marriage, own'd another sonne;*

*For which, this Samson heav'd from off the henge  
 Of his lost reason, studied this revenge;*

*That Timnits falshood wrought this desolation;*

*Samson the Actor was, but he, th' occasion :*

With that, they all consulted, to proceed

In height of Iustice, to revenge this deed;

*Samson*, whose hand was the immediate cause

Of this foule act, is stronger then their lawes;

Him, they refer to time; For his proud hand

May bring a second ruine to their land;

The cursed *Timnite*, he that did divide

The lawful Bridegrocme from his lawfull Bride,

And mov'd the patience of so strong a foe,

To bring these evils, and worke their overthrow,

To him they hast; and, with resolv'd desire

Of blood, they burne his house, & him with fire.

MEDIT.

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MEDITAT. 15.

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**D**Ost thou not tremble? Does thy troubled eare  
Not tingle? nor thy spirits faint to heare  
The voice of those, whose dying shriekes proclame  
Their tortures, that are broyling in the flame?  
She, whose illustrious beauty did not know  
Where to be matcht, but one poore houre agoe;  
She, whose faire eyes were apt to make man erre  
From his knowne faith, and turne Idolater;  
She, whose faire cheeks, inricht with true cōplexion,  
Seem'd beauties store-house of her best perfection;  
Sec, how she lies, see how this beautie lies,  
A foule offence, unto thy loathing eyes;  
A fleshly Cinder, lying on the floore.  
Starke naked, had it not bin cover'd ore  
With bashfull ruines, which were fallen downe  
From the consumed roofe, and rudely throwne  
On this halfe-roasted earth. O, canst thou reade  
Her double story, and thy heart not bleed?  
What art thou more then she? Tell me wherein  
Art thou more priviledg'd? Or can thy sinne  
Plead more t'excuse it? Art thou faire and yong?  
Why so was she: Were thy temptations strong?

N

Why

*Why, so were hers : What canst thou plead, but she  
 Had powre to plead the same, as well as thee ?  
 Nor was't her death alone, could satisfie  
 Revenge ; her father, and his house must dye :  
 Unpunisht crimes doe often bring them in,  
 That were no lesse then strangers to the sinne :  
 Ely must dye ; because his faire reproofe  
 Of too foule sinne, was not austere enough :  
 Was vengeance now appeas'd ? Hath not the crime  
 Paid a sufficient Intrest for the time ?  
 Remove thine eye to the Philistian fields ;  
 Sec, what increase their fruitfull harvest yeelds :  
 There's nothing there, but a confused heape  
 Of ruinous ashes : There's no corne, to reape :  
 Behold the poyson of unpunisht sinne ;  
 For which the very earth's accurst agin :  
 Famine must act her part ; her griping hand,  
 For one mans sinne, must punish all the Land :  
 Is vengeance now appeas'd ? Hath sinne given ore  
 To cry for plagues ? Must vengeance yet have more ?  
 O, now th' impartiall sword must come, and spill  
 The blood of such, as Famine could not kill :  
 The language of unpunisht sinne cryes loud,  
 It roares for Iustice, and it must have blood :  
 Famine must follow, where the Fire begun ;  
 The Sword must end, what both have left undone.  
 Just God ; our sinnes doe dare thee to thy face ;  
 Our score is great ; our Ephah fill's apace ;  
 The leaden cover threatens, every minut,  
 To close the Ephah, and our sinnes, within it.*

*Zach. 5. 6.*

*Turne*

## The History of Samson.

91

Turne backe thine eye : Let not thine eye behold  
Such vile pollutions : Let thy vengeance hold :  
Looke on thy dying Sonne ; There shalt thou spie  
An Object, that's more fitter for thine eye ;  
His sufferings ( Lord ) are farre above our sinnes ;  
O, looke thou there ; Ere Iustice once begins  
T'unsheathe her Sword, O, let one pretious drop  
Fall from that pierced side ; and that will stop  
The eares of vengeance, from that clamorous voice  
Of our loud sinnes, which make so great a noise ;  
O, send that drop, before Revenge begins,  
And that will cry farre louder then our sinnes.

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N 2

SECT.

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## SECT. 16.

## ARGUMENT.

*He makes a slaughter; Doth remove  
To Etansrocke; where, to repay him  
The wrongs that he had done, they move  
the men of Iudah to betray him.*

**T**Hus when th'accurs'd *Philistians* had appaid  
The *Timnits* sinne, with ruine; and betraid  
Th'unjust Offenders to their fierce desire,  
And burn'd their cursed Family with fire;  
*Samson*, the greatnesse of whose debt denide  
So short a payment; and whose wrongs yet cride  
For further vengeance, to be further laid  
Vpon the sinne-conning Nation, said,  
*Vnjust Philistians, you that could behold  
So capitall a crime, and yet with-hold  
This well-deserved punishment so long,  
Which made you partners in their sinne, my wrong;  
Had yee at first, when as the fault was yong,  
Before that Time had lent her clamorous tongue  
So great a strength, to call for so much blood;  
O, had your earlie Iustice but thought good  
To strike in time; nay, had you then devis'd  
Some easier punishment, it had suffic'd;*

## *The History of Samson.*

93

*But now it comes too late; The sin has cryed,  
Till heaven hath heard, and mercy is denied:  
Nay, had the sin but spar'd to roare so loud,  
A drop had serv'd, when now a Tide of blood  
Will hardly stop her mouth:*

*Had ye done this betimes! But now, this hand  
Must plague your persons, and afflict your land:*

Have ye beheld a youth-instructing Tutor,  
(Whose wisdom's seldome scene, but in the future)  
When well deserved punishment shall call  
For the delinquent Boy; how, first of all,  
He preaches fairely; then, proceeds austerer  
To the foule crime, whilst the suspitious hearer  
Trembles at every word, untill, at length,  
His language being ceas'd, th' unwelcome strength  
Of his rude arme, that often proves too rash,  
Strickes home, and fetches blood at every lash.  
Even so stout *Samson*, whose more gentle tongue,  
In easie tearmes, doth first declare the wrong,  
Injustice did, then tells the evill effects  
That mans connivence, and unjust neglects  
Does often bring upon th' afflicted land;  
But, at the last, upheaves his ruthlesse hand;  
He hewes, he hacks, and, fury being guide,  
His unresisted power doth divide  
From top to toe; his furious weapon cleft,  
Where ere it stricke: It flue; and never left,  
Vntill his flesh-destroying arme, at length,  
Could finde no subject, where t' imploy his strength:  
Here stands a head-strong Steed, whose fainting guider

Drops downe; another dragges his wounded rider:  
 Now here, now there his franticke arme would thunder,  
 And, at one stroake, cleaves horse and man in sunder,  
 In whose mixt blood, his hands would oft embrue,  
 And where so ere they did but touch, they flew:  
 Here's no imployment for the Surgeons trade,  
 All wounds were mortall that his weapon made;  
 There's none was left, but dying; or else dead,  
 And onely they, that scap'd his fury, fled;  
 The slaughter ended, the proud victor past  
 Through the afflicted land, untill, at last,  
 He comes to *Iudah*; where, he pitch'd his Tent,  
 At the rocke *Etan*: There, some time he spent;  
 He spent not much, Till the *Philistian* band,  
 That found small comfort in their wasted land,  
 Came up to *Iudah*, and there, pitch'd not farre  
 From *Samsons* Tent; Their hands were arm'd to warre:  
 With that, the men of *Iudah*, strucke with feare,  
 To see so great an Armie, straight drew neare,  
 To the sad Campe; who, after they had made  
 Some signes of a continued peace, they said;

*What new designs have brought your royall band  
 Vpon the borders of our peacefull land?  
 What strange adventures? What disastrous weather  
 Drove you this way? What businesse brought you hether?  
 Let not my Lords be angry, or conceive  
 An evill against your Servants: What we have,  
 Is yours: The peacefull plenty of our land  
 And we, are yours; and at your owne command:  
 Why, to what purpose are you pleas'd to show us*

*Your*

## The History of Samson.

95

Your strength ! Why bring you thus an army to us ?  
Are not our yearly Tributes justly paid ?  
Have we not kept our vowes ? Have we delaid  
Our faithfull service, or denied to doe it,  
When you have pleas'd to call your servants to it ?  
Have we, at any time, upon your triall,  
Shruncke from our plighted faith, or prov'd disloyall ?  
If that proud Samson have abus'd your Land,  
Tis not our faults ; Alas, we had no hand  
In his designs : We lent him no reliefe ;  
No aid ; No, we were partners in your griefe.  
Whereto the Philistines, whose hopes relyde  
Vpon their faire assistance, thus replyde :

Feare not, yee men of Iudah ; Our intentions  
Are not to wrong your peace : Your apprehensions  
Are too-too timerous ; Our designs are bent  
Against the common Foe, whose hands have spent  
Our lavish blood, and rob'd our wasted Land  
Of all her joyes : Tis hee, our armed band  
Expects, and followes : Hee is cloysterd here,  
Within your Quarters : Let your faiths appeare  
Now in your loyall actions, and convey  
The skulking Rebell to us, that we may  
Revenge our blood, which he hath wasted thus,  
And doe to him, as he hath done to us.

MEDIT.

## MEDITAT. 16.

**I**T was a sharpe revenge : But was it just ?  
 Shall one man suffer for another ? Must  
 The Childrens teeth be set on edge, because  
 Their Fathers ate the grapes ? Are Heavens lawes  
 So strict ? whose lips did, with a promise, tell,  
 That no such law should passe in Israel :  
 Because th' injurious Timnites trecherous hand  
 Commits the fault, must Samson scourge the land ?  
 Sinne is a furious Plague ; and it infects  
 The next inhabitant, if he neglects  
 The meanes t' avoid it : Tis not because he sinnes  
 That thou art punisht : No, it then begins  
 T' infect thy soule ; when, thou a stander by,  
 Reproves it not : or when thy carelesse eye  
 Slights it as nothing : If a sinne of mine  
 Grieve not thy wounded soule, it becomes thine.  
 Thinke yee that God commits the Sword of power  
 Into the hands of Magistrates, to scower  
 And keepe it bright ? Or onely to advance  
 His yet unknowne Authoritie ? Perchance,  
 The glorious Hilt and Scabberd make a show  
 To serve his turne ; have it a blade, or no,

## The History of Samson.

97

He neither knowes, nor cares : Is this man fit  
T'obtaine so great an honor, as to sit  
As Gods Lieutenant, and to punish sinne ?  
Know leaden Magistrates, and know again,  
Your Sword was given to draw, and to be dyde  
In guilty blood ; not to be laid aside,  
At the request of friends, or for base feare,  
Lest when your honor's ended with the yeare,  
Ye may be baffled : tis not enough that you  
Finde, bread be waight, or that the waights be true :  
Tis not enough, that every foule disorder  
Must be refer'd to your more wise Recorder :  
The charge is given to you : You must returne  
A faire account ; or else, the Land must mourne :  
You keepe your Swords too long a season in,  
And God strikes us, because you strike not sinne :  
Y'are too remisse, and want a Resolution :  
Good Lawes lye dead, for lacke of execution :  
An Oath is growne so bold, that it will laugh  
The easie Act, to scorne : Nay, we can quaffe  
And reele with priviledge ; and wee can trample  
Vpon our shame shrunke cloakes, by your example :  
You are too dull : Too great offences passe  
Vntoucht ; God loves no service from the Asse ;  
Rouze up ; O use the Spurie, & spare the Bridle ;  
God strikes, because your Swords, and You are idle ;  
Graunt, Lord, that every one may mend a fault ;  
And then our Magistrates may stand for nought.

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 S E C T. 17.
 

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## A R G V M E N T.

*The faithlesse men of Iudah went  
To make him subject to their bands :  
They bound him by his owne consent,  
And brought him pris'ner to their hands.*

**S**O said : The men of *Iudah* (whole base feare  
Taught them to open an obedient eare  
To their revengefull and unjust request)  
Accept the trecherous motion, and addrest  
Their slavish thoughts, to put in execution  
The subject of their servile resolution :  
With that, three thousand of their ablest men  
Are soone imploy'd ; To the fierce Lyons den  
They come, (yet daring not approach too neare)  
And sent this louder language to his eare ;  
*Victorious Samson, whose renowned facts  
Have made the world a Register of thy Acts,  
Great Army of men, the wonder of whose power  
Gives thee the title of a walking Tower,  
Why hast thou thus betraid us to the hand  
Of the curs'd Philistines ? Thou know'st our Land  
Does owe it selfe to thee ; There's none can clame  
So great an intrest in our hearts : Thy name,*

*Thy*

## *The History of Samson.*

99

*Thy highly honour'd name, for ever, beares  
A welcome Accent in our joyfull eares;  
But now the times are dangerous, and a band  
Of proud Philistians quarter in our land;  
And, for thy sake, the tyranny of their tongues  
Hath newly threatned to revenge thy wrongs  
Vpon our peacefull lives: Their lips have vow'd  
And sworn to salve their injuries with our blood;  
Their jealous fury hollowes in our eares,  
They'l plague our land, as thou hast plagued theirs,  
If we refuse to doe their fierce command,  
And bring not Samson prisoner to their hand;  
Alas, thou knowst our servile neckes must bow  
To their imperious Yoke; Alas, our vow  
Of loyalty is past: If they bid, doe;  
We must; or loose our lands, and our lifes too;  
Were but our lifes in hazard, or if none  
Should feele the smart of death, but wee alone,  
Wee'd turne thy Martyrs, rather then obey'm,  
Wee'd dye with Samson sooner then betray'm;  
But we have wives, and children, that would be  
The subjects of their rage, as well as wee:  
Wherefore, submit thy person, and fulfill  
What we desire so much against our will:  
Alas, our griefes in equall poisure lye;  
Yeeld, and thou dyest: Yeeld not, and wee must dye:  
Whereto, sad Samson, whose faire thoughts did guide  
His lips to fairer language, thus replide;  
Ye men of Iudah, what distrustfull thought  
Of single Samsons violence hath brought*

So great a strength, as if you meant t'orethrow  
 Some mighty Monarch, or surprise a Foe!  
 Your easie errand might as well bin done  
 By two or three, or by the lips of one;  
 The meanest childe of holy Israels seede  
 Might conquer'd Samson, with a bruised reed:  
 Alas, the boldnesse of your welcome words  
 Need no protection of these staves and Swords:  
 Brethren; the intention of my comming hither  
 Was not to wrong you, or deprive you, either  
 Of lives, or goods, or of your poorest due;  
 My selfe is cheaper to my selfe, then you;  
 My comming is on a more faire designe,  
 I come to crush your tyrannous foes, and mine,  
 I come to free your country, and recall  
 Your servile shoulders from the slavish thrall  
 Of the proud Philistines; and, with this hand,  
 To make you freemen in your promis'd Land;  
 But you are come to binde me, and betray  
 Your faithfull Champion to those hands, that lay  
 Perpetuall burthens on, which daily vex  
 Your galled shoulders, and your servile necks:  
 The wrongs these cursed Philistines have done  
 My simple innocence, have quite outrun  
 My easie patience: If my arme may right  
 My too much injur'd suffrance, and requite  
 What they have done to me, it would appease  
 My raging thoughts, and give my tortures ease;  
 But ye are come to binde me: I submit;  
 I yeeld; And if my bondage will acquit

## *The History of Samson.*

101

*Your new borne feares, Tis well : But they that doe  
Attempt to ruine me, will ransack you :  
First, you shall firmly 'engage your plighted troth,  
By the acceptance of a sacred oath,  
That, when I shall be prisoner to your hands,  
I may not suffer violence by your hands :  
With that, they drawing nearer to him, laid  
Their hands beneath his brawny thigh, and said,  
Then let the God of Iacob cease to blesse  
The tribe of Iudah, with a faire successe,  
In ought they put their curfed hand unto,  
And raze their seed, If we attempt to doe  
Bound Samson violence; And if this curse  
Be not sufficient, heaven contrive a worse :  
With that, the willing prisoner join'd his hands,  
To be subjected to their stronger bands :  
With treble twisted cords, that never tried  
The twitch of strength, their buisie fingers tied  
His sinewy wrists, which being often wound  
About his beating pulse, they brought him bound  
To the forefront of the Philistian band,  
And left him captive in their curfed hand.*

O 3

MEDIT.

## MEDITAT. 17.

**O** *What a Pearle is hidden in this Field,  
 Whose orient luster, and perfections yeeld  
 So great a treasure, that the Easterne Kings,  
 With all the wealth, their colder Climate brings,  
 Nere saw the like : It is a pearle whose glory  
 Is the diviner subject of a Story,  
 Penn'd by an Angells quill; not understood  
 By the too dull conceit of flesh and blood !  
 Vnkinde Iudeans, what have you presented  
 Before our eyes ? O, what have you attended !  
 He that was borne on purpose, to release  
 His life, for yours; to bring your Nation peace ;  
 To turne your mournings into joyfull Songs ;  
 To fight your Battells; To revenge your wrongs;  
 Even him, alas, your cursed hands have made  
 This day your prisoner, Him have you betraid  
 To death : O; hee whose sinowy arme had power  
 To crush you all to nothing, and to shower  
 Down strokes, like thunderbolts, whose blasting breath,  
 Might, in a moment, pufft you all to death,  
 And made ye fall before his frowning brow,  
 See, how he goes away, betraid by you !*

*Thou great Redeemer of the world ! Whose blood  
 Hath power to save more worlds, then Noah's flood*

*Destroyed*

## The History of Samson.

103

Destroyed bodies; thou, O thou that art  
The Samson of our soules, How can the heart  
Of man give thanks enough, that does not know  
How much his death-redeemed soule does owe  
To thy deare merits ? We can apprehend  
No more then flesh and blood does recommend  
To our confined thoughts : Alas, we can  
Conceive thy love, but as the love of man :  
We cannot tell the horror of that paine  
Thou bought us from; not can our hearts attaine  
Those joyes that thou hast purchas'd in our name,  
Nor yet the price, thou paidst : Our thoughts are lame,  
And craz'd; Alas, things mortall have no might,  
No meanes to comprehend an Infinite :  
We can behold thee cradled in a Manger,  
In a poore Stable : We can see the danger  
The Tetrarch's fury made thee subject to;  
We can conceive thy poverty; We know  
Thy blessed hands (that might bin freed) were bound;  
We know, alas, thy bleeding browes were crown'd  
With prickling thorne; Thy body torne with whips;  
Thy palmes impeirc'd with ragged nailes; Thy lips  
Saluted with a Traitors kisse; Thy browes  
Sweating forth blood : Thy oft repeated blowes;  
Thy fastning to the crosse; Thy shamefull death;  
These outward tortures all come underneath  
Our dull conceits : But, what thy blessed soule  
(That bore the burthen of our guilt, and Scroule  
Of all our sinns, and horrid paines of Hell)  
O, what that soule endur'd, what soule can tell!

SECT.

## S E C T. 18.

## A R G V M E N T.

*He breakes their bands; And with a Bone,  
A thousand Philistians he slue :  
He thirsted, fainted, made his mone  
To heaven : He drinkes, His spirits renew.*

**T**Hus when the glad *Philistians* had obtain'd  
The summe of all their hopes, they entertain'd  
The welcome pris'ner with a greater noise  
Of triumph then the greatnesse of their joyes  
Required : Some, with sudden death, would greet  
The new come Guest; whil'st others, more discreet,  
With lingring paines, and tortures more exact,  
Would force him to discover, in the Fact,  
Who his Abettors were : others gainesaid  
That course, for feare a rescue may be made :  
Some cry, *Tis fittest, that th' offender bleed  
There, where his cursed hands had done the deed :*  
Others cryed, *No, where Fortune hath consign'd him,  
Wee'l kill him : Best; to kill him, where we finde him :*  
Thus variously they spent their doubtfull breath,  
At last, they all agreed on sudden death ;  
There's no contention now, but onely who  
Shall strike the first, or give the speeding blow :

Have

## *The History of Samson.*

105

Have yee beheld a single thred of flax,  
Touch'd by the fier, how the fier crackes  
With ease, and parts the slender twine in sunder,  
Even so, as the first arme began to thunder  
Vpon the Prisners life, he burst the bands  
From his strong wrists, and freed his loosned hands;  
Hee stoop'd; from off the blood-expecting grasse,  
He snatcht the crooked jaw-bone of an Asse;  
Wherewith, his fury dealt such downe-right blowes,  
So oft redoubled, that it overthrowes  
Man after man; And being ring'd about  
With the distracted, and amazed rout  
Of rude *Philistians*, turn'd his body round,  
And in a circle dings them to the ground:  
Each blow had prooffe; for, where the jaw-bone mist,  
The furious Champion wounded with his fist:  
Betwixt them both, his fury did uncase  
A thousand soules, which, in that fatall place,  
Had left their ruin'd carkeises, to feast  
The flesh-devouring fowle, and rav'nous beast:  
With that, the Conquerour, that now had fed  
And surfeited his eye upon the dead  
His hand had slaine, sate downe; and, having flung  
His purple weapon by, triumpht, and sung;

**S** Amson rejoyce: Be fill'd with mirth;  
Let all *Iudaa* know,

And tell the Princes of the earth  
How strong an arme hast thou:  
How has thy dead inricht the land,  
And purpled ore the grasse,

P

That

*The History of Samson.*

*That hadst no weapon in thy hand,  
 But the Iaw-bone of an Asse !  
 How does thy strength, and high renowne  
 The glory of men surpasse !  
 Thine arme has strucke a thousand downe,  
 with the jaw-bone of an Asse :  
 Let Samsons glorious name endure,  
 Till time shall render One,  
 Whose greater glory shall obscure  
 The Glory thou hast wonne.*

*His Song being ended, rising from the place  
 Whereon he lay, he turn'd his ruthlesse face  
 Vpon those heapes his direfull hand had made,  
 And op'ning of his thirsty lips, he said :*

*Great God of Conquest, thou by whose command  
 This heart received courage, and this hand  
 Strength, to revenge thy quarrels, and fulfill  
 The secret motion of thy sacred will ;  
 What, shall thy Champion perish now with thirst ?  
 Thou knowst, I have done nothing, but what first  
 Was warranted by thy command : Twas thou  
 That gave my spirit boldnesse, and my brow  
 A resolution: This mine arme did doe  
 No more, then what thou didst enioyne it to :  
 And shall I dye for thirst ? O thou that sav'd  
 Me from the Lyons rage, that would have rav'd  
 Vpon my life : by whom I have subdu'd  
 Thy cursed enemies, and have imbru'd  
 My heaven-commanded hands, in a spring-tyde  
 Of guilty blood ; Lord, shall I be denyde*

## *The History of Samson.*

107

*A draught of cooling water, to allay  
The tyranny of my thirst? I, that this day  
Have labour'd in thy Vineyard; rooted out  
So many weeds, whose lofty crests did sprout  
Above thy trodden Vines; what, shall I dye  
For want of water, thou the Fountaine by?  
I know that thou wert here, for hadst thou not  
Supplyde my hand with strength, I ne'er had got  
So strange a vict'ry: Hath thy servant taken  
Thy worke in hand, and is he now forsaken?  
Hast thou not promis'd that my strengthened hand  
Shall scourge thy Foemen, and secure thy Land  
From slavish bondage? will that arme of thine  
Make me their slave, whom thou hast promist, mine?  
Bow downe thy eare, and heare my needfull cry;  
O, quench my thirst, great God, or else I dye:  
With that, the jaw, wherewith his arme had laid  
So many sleeping in the dust, obayde  
The voice of God, and cast a tooth, from whence  
A sudden spring arose, whose confluence  
Of christall waters, plentifully disburst  
Their pretious streames; and so allaid his thirst.*

## MEDITAT. 18.

**T**He jaw-bone of an Asse? How poore a thing  
 God makes his powerfull instrument to bring  
 Some honour to his name, and to advance  
 His greater glory! Came this bone, by chance,  
 To Samsons hand? Or could the Army goe  
 No further? but must needs expect a foe  
 Just where his weapon of destruction lay?  
 Was there no fitter place, for them to stay,  
 But even just there? How small a thing 't had bin  
 (If they had beene so provident) to winne  
 The day with ease? Had they but taken thence  
 That cursed Bone, what colour of defence  
 Had Samson found? Or how could he withstood  
 The necessary danger of his blood?

Where Heav'n doth please to ruine, humane wit  
 Must faile, and deeper pollicie must submit:  
 There, wisdom must be fool'd, and strength of braine  
 Must worke against it selfe, or worke in vaine:  
 The tracke, that seemes most likely, often leads  
 To death; and where securitie most pleads,  
 There, dangers, in their fairest shapes, appeare,  
 And give us not so great a help, as feare:

# The History of Samson.

109

The things wee least suspect, are often they,  
That most effect our ruine, and betray :  
Who would have thought, the silly Asses bone,  
Not worth the spurning, should have overthrowne  
So stout a Band ? Heav'n, oftentimes, thinkes best,  
To overcome the greatest with the least :  
He gaines most glory in things, that are most sleight,  
And wins, in honour, what they want in might :  
Who would have thought, that Samsons deadly thirst  
Should have bin quencht with waters, that did burst  
And flow from that dry bone ? Who would not thinke,  
The thirsty Conquerour, for want of drinke,  
Should first have dyed ? What mad man could presume  
So dry a tooth should yeeld so great a Rheume ?  
God does not worke like Man ; nor is he tyed  
To outward meanes : His pleasure is his Guide,  
Not Reason : He, that is the God of Nature,  
Can worke against it : He that is Creator  
Of all things, can dispose them, to attend  
His will, forgetting their created end :  
Hee, whose Almighty power did supply  
This Bone with water, made the Red sea dry :  
Great God of Nature ; Tis as great an ease  
For thee to alter Nature, if thou please,  
As to create it ; Let that hand of thine  
Shew forth thy powre, and please to alter mine :  
My sinnes are open, but my sorrow's hid ;  
I cannot drench my couch, as David did ;  
My braines are marble, and my heart is stone :  
O strike mine eyes, as thou didst strike that bone.

## SECT. 19.

## ARGUMENT.

*Hee lodges with a harlot : wait  
Is laid, and guards are pitcht about :  
Hee beares away the City-gate  
Vpon his shoulders, and goes out.*

**T**Hus when victorious *Samson* had unliv'd  
This host of armed men ; and had reviv'd  
His fainting spirits, and refresh't his tongue  
With those sweet christall streames, that lately sprung  
From his neglected weapon, he arose  
(Secured from the tyrannie of his Foes  
By his Heaven-borrow'd strength) and boldly came  
To a *Philistian* City, knowne by th' name  
Of *Azza* ; where, as he was passing by,  
The carelesse Champion cast his wandring eye  
Vpon a face, whose beauty did invite  
His wanton heart to wonder and delight :  
Her curious haire was crisp'd : Her naked brest  
Was white as Ivory, and fairely drest  
With costly Jewells : In her glorious face,  
Nature was hidden, and dissembled grace  
Damaskt her rosie cheekes : Her eyes did sparke,  
At every glance, like Diamonds in the darke ;

Bold

## *The History of Samson.*

III

Bold was her brow ; whose frowne was but a foile  
To glorifie her better-pleasing smile;  
Her pace was carelesse, seeming to discover  
The passions of a discontented Lover:  
Sometime, her op'ned Casement gives her eye  
A twinkling passage to the passer by;  
And, when her fickle fancy had given ore  
That place, she comes, and wantons at the doore;  
There *Samson* view'd her, and his steps could finde  
No further ground; but (guided by his minde)  
Cast Anchor there: Have thy observing eyes  
Ere mark'd the Spiders garbe, How close she lies  
Within her curious webbe; And by and by,  
How quicke she hasts to her entangled Flie ;  
And, whispring poyson in his murmring cares,  
At last, she tugges her silent guest, and beares  
His hampred body to the inner roome  
Of her obscure and solitary Home ;  
Even so this snaring beauty entertaines  
Our eye-led *Samson*, tamperd with the chaines  
Of her imperious eyes ; and he, that no man  
Could conquer ; now lyes conquerd by a woman.  
Fayre was his welcome, and as fairely'express'd  
By her delicious language, which profest  
No lesse affection, then so sweet a Friend,  
Could, with her best expressions, recommend :  
Into her glorious chamber she directs  
Her welcome guest, and with her fayre respects  
She entertaines him ; with a bountious kisse,  
She gives him earnest of a greater blisse ;

And

*The History of Samson.*

And with a brazen countenance, she brake  
 The way to her unchaste desires, and spake;  
*Mirrour of mankinde, thou selected flowre  
 Of Loves faire knot, welcome to Flora's bowre;  
 Cheare up, my Love; and looke upon these eyes,  
 Wherein my beauty, and thy picture lyes;  
 Come, take me prisoner, in thy folded armes;  
 And boldly strike up sprightly loves alarmes  
 Vpon these ruby lips, and let us trie  
 The sweets of love: Here's none but thee and I:  
 My beds are softest downe, and purest lawne  
 My sheets; My vallents, and my curtaines drawne  
 In gold and silkes of curious dye: Behold,  
 My Coverings are of Tap'stry, inricht with gold;  
 Come, come, and let us take our fill of pleasure;  
 My husbands absence lends me dainty leasure  
 To give thee welcome: Come, let's spend the night  
 In sweet enjoyment of unknowne delight.*  
 Her words prevail'd: And, being both undrest,  
 Together went to their defiled rest:  
 By this, the newes of *Samsons* being there  
 Posselt the Citie, and fill'd every eare:  
 His death is plotted; And advantage lends  
 New hopes of speed: An armed guard attends  
 At every gate, that when the breaking day  
 Shall send him forth, th'expecting Forces may  
 Betray him to his sudden death; and so,  
 Revenge their Kingdomes ruine at a blow:  
 But lustfull *Samson* (whose distrustfull eares  
 Kept open house) was now posselt with feares:

## *The History of Samson.*

113

Hee heares a whisp'ring; and the trampling feet  
Of people passing in the silent street;  
He, whom undaunted courage lately made  
A glorious Conquerour, is now afraid;  
His conscious heart is smitten with his sinne;  
He cannot chuse but feare, and feare agin:  
He feares; and now the terrible alarmes  
Of sinne doe call him from th'unlawfull armes  
And lips of his luxurious Concubine;  
Bids him, arise from dalliance, and resigne  
The usurpation of his luke-warme place  
To some new sinner, whose lesse dangerous case  
May lend more leisure to so foule a deed:  
*Samson*, with greater and unwonted speed  
Leaps from his wanton bed; his feares doe presse  
More haste, to cloath; then lust did, to undresse:  
He makes no tarryance; but, with winged hast,  
Bestrides the streets; and, to the gates, he past,  
And through the armed troupes, he makes his way;  
Beares gates, and bars, and pillers all away;  
So scap'd the rage of the *Philistian* Band,  
That still must owe his ruine, to their land.

Q

MEDIT.

## MEDITAT. 19.

**H**ow weake, at strongest, is poore flesh and blood!  
 Samson, the greatnes of whose power withstood  
 A little world of armed men, with death,  
 Must now be foyled with a womans breath:  
 The mother, sometimes, lets her infant fall,  
 To make it hold the surer by the wall:  
 God lets his servant, often, goe amisse,  
 That he may turne, and see how weake he is:  
 David that found an overflowing measure  
 Of heavens high favours, and as great a treasure  
 Of saving grace, and portion of the Spirit,  
 As flesh and blood was able to inherit,  
 Must have a fall, to exercise his feares,  
 And make him drowne his restlesse Conck with Teares:  
 Wise Salomon, within whose heart was planted  
 The fruitfull stockes of heavenly Wisedome, wanted  
 Not that, whereby his weakenesse understood  
 The perfect vanity of flesh and blood:  
 Whose hand seem'd prodigall of his Isaacks life,  
 He durst not trust Gods providence with his wife:  
 The righteous Lot had slidings: Holy Paul  
 He had his pricke; and Peter had his fall:

## *The History of Samson.*

115

*The sacred Bride, in whose faire face remaines  
The greatest earthly beauty, hath her staines :  
If man were perfect, and entirely good,  
He were not Man : He were not flesh and blood :  
Or should he never fall, he would, at length,  
Not see his weaknesse, and presume in strength :  
Ere children know the sharpnesse of the Edge,  
They thinke, their fingers have a priviledge  
Against a wound; but, having felt the knife,  
A bleeding finger, sometime, saves a life:*

*Lord, we are children; and our sharpe-edg'd knives,  
Together with our blood, lets out our lives ;  
Alas, if we but draw them from the sheath,  
They cut our fingers, and they bleed to death.*

*Thou great Chirurgion of a bleeding soule,  
Whose soveraigne baulme, is able to make whole  
The deepest wound, Thy sacred salve is sure;  
We cannot bleed so fast, as thou canst cure :  
Heale thou our wounds; that, having salv'd the sore,  
Our hearts may feare, and learne to sinne no more ;  
And let our hands be strangers to those knives,  
That wound not fingers onely; but our lives.*

Q 2

SECT.

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 S E C T. 20.
 

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## A R G V M E N T.

*He falls in league with Delila:  
 The Nobles bribe her to discover  
 Her Samsons strength, and learne the way  
 To binde her arme-prevailing Lover.*

**N**Ot farre from *Azza*; in a fruitfull Valley  
 Close by a Brooke, whose silver streames did dalley  
 With the smooth bosome of the wanton sands,  
 Whose winding Current parts the neighbring lands,  
 And often washes the beloved sides  
 Of her delightfull bankes, with gentle tydes;  
 There dwelt a *Beauty*, in whose Sun-bright eye,  
 Love fate inthron'd; and, full of Majestie,  
 Sent forth such glorious eye-surprizing rayes,  
 That she was thought the wonder of her dayes:  
 Her name was called *Delila*, the faire;  
 Thither, did amorous *Samson*, oft, repaire,  
 And, with the piercing flame of her bright eye,  
 He toy'd so long; that, like a wanton flye,  
 He burnt his lustfull wings, and so became  
 The slavish prisner to that conquering flame:  
 She askt, and had: There's nothing was too high  
 For her, to beg; or *Samson*, to denie:

Who

## *The History of Samson.*

117

Who now, but *Delila*? What name can raise  
And crowne his drooping thoughts, but *Delila's*?  
All time's misspent, each houre is cast away,  
That's not imploy'd upon his *Delila*:  
Gifts must be given to *Delila*: No cost,  
If sweetest *Delila* but smile, is lost:  
No joy can please; no happinesse can crowne  
His best desires, if *Delila* but frowne:  
No good can blesse his amorous heart, but this,  
Hee's *Delila's*; and *Delila* is his:  
Now, when the louder breath of Fame had blowne  
Her newes-proclaming Trumpet, and made knowne  
This Lovers passion, to the joyfull cares  
Of the cow'd *Philistines*; their nimble feares  
Advis'd their better hopes, not to neglect  
So faire advantage, which may bring t'effect  
Their best desires, and right their wasted Land  
Of all her wrongs, by a securer hand:  
With that, some few of the *Philistian* Lords  
Repaire to *Delila*; with baited words  
They tempt the frailty of the simple maid,  
And, having sworne her to their counsell, said:

*Faire Delila; Thou canst not choose but know  
The miseries of our land: whose ruines show  
The danger, whereinto not we, but all,  
If thou deny thy helpfull hand, must fall:  
Those fruitfull fields, that offer'd, but of late,  
Their plentious favours to our prosperous state;  
See, how they lye a ruinous heape, and void  
Of all their plenty; wasted, and destroyde:*

Our common foe hath sported with our lives ;  
 Hath slaine our children, and destroy'd our wives :  
 Alas, our poore distressed land doth grone  
 Vnder that mischiefe that his hands have done ;  
 Widowes implore thee, and poore Orphans tongues  
 Call to faire Delila, to right their wrongs :  
 It lies in thee, to help; Thy helpefull hand  
 May have the Glory to revenge thy land ;  
 For which, our thankefull Nation shall allow  
 Not onely Honour, but reward; and thou,  
 From every hand that's present here, shalt gaine  
 Aboue a thousand Sicles for thy paine :  
 To whom, faire Delila, whom reward had tied  
 To satisfie her owne desires, replied;  
 My Lords;  
 My humble service I acknowledge due,  
 First, to my native country; next, to you :  
 If Heaven, and Fortune, have enricht my hand  
 With so much power, to releeve our land,  
 When ere your Honours please to call me to it,  
 Beleeve it, Delila shall die, or doe it :  
 Say then (my Lords) wherein my power may doe  
 This willing Service to my land, or you.  
 Thou knowst, (say they) No forces can withstand  
 The mighty strength of cursed Samsons hand;  
 He ruines Armies, and does overthrow  
 Our greatest Bands, nay, kingdomes at a blow ;  
 The limits of his, more then manly, powers  
 Are not confin'd; nor is his Arme like ours :  
 His strength is more then man; his conquering Arme

Hath

# *The History of Samson.*

119

Hath, sure, th' assistance of some potent charme;  
Which, nothing but the glory of thine eyes,  
(Wherein a farre more strong enchantment lies;) )  
Can overthrow: He's prisoner to thine eye,  
Nor canst thou aske, what Samson can deny:  
The sweetnesse of thy language hath the Art,  
To dive into the secrets of his heart;  
Move Samson then: unbarre his bolted brest,  
And let his deafned eares attaine no rest,  
Vntill his eye-inchanted tongue replies,  
And tells thee, where his hidden power lies:  
Urge him to whisper in thy private eare,  
And to repose his magicke myst'ry, there;  
How, by what meanes, his strength may be betray'd  
To bonds, and how his power may be allaid;  
That we may right these wrongs, which his proud hand  
Hath rudely offer'd to our ruinous land:  
In this, thou shalt obtaine the reputation  
To be the sole redeemer of thy Nation,  
Whose wealth shall crowne thy loyalty, with a meed  
Due to the merits of so faire a deed:  
Whereto, faire Delila (whose heart was tied  
To Samsons love, for her owne ends;) replied:

My honourable Lords: If my successe  
In these your just employments prove no lesse  
Then my desiers, I should thinke my paines  
Rewarded in the Action: If the raines  
Of Samsons headstrong power were in my hands,  
These lips should vow performance: Your commands  
Should worke obedience, in the loyall brest,

of

*Of your true servant; who, would never rest,  
Till she had done the deed: But know, my Lords,  
If the poore frailty of a womans words  
May shake so great a power, and prevaile,  
My best advis'd endeavours shall not faile  
To be imploi'd: I'le make a sudden triall;  
And quickly speed, or finde a foule deriall:*

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MEDITAT. 20.

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**I***nsatiate Samson! Could not Azza smother  
Thy flaming lust; but must thou finde another?  
Is th' old growne stale? And seeks thou for a new?  
Alas, where Two's too many, Three's too few:  
Mans soule is infinite, and never tires  
In the extension of her owne desires:  
The sprightly nature of his active minde  
Aimes still at further; Will not be confinde  
To th' poore dimensions of flesh and blood;  
Something it still desiers; Covets good;  
Would faine be happy, in the sweet enjoyment  
Of what it prosecutes, with the employment  
Of best endeavours; but it cannot finde  
So great a good, but something's still behind:  
It, first, proponnds; applauds; desiers; endeavours;*

## The History of Samson.

121

At last, enjoys; but (like to men, in Feavours,  
Who fancy alwaies those things that are worst)  
The more it drinks, the more it is a thirst:  
The fruitfull earth (whose nature is the worse  
For sinne; with man partaker in the curse)  
Aimes at perfection; and would faine bring forth  
(As first it did) things of the greatest worth;  
Her colder wombe endeavours (as of old)  
To ripen all her Metalls, unto Gold;  
O, but that sin procured curse hath child  
The heate of pregnant Nature, and hath filld  
Her barren seed, with coldnesse, which does lurke  
In her faint wombe, that her more perfect worke  
Is hindred; and, for want of heate, brings forth  
Imperfect metals, of a baser worth:  
Even so, the soule of Man, in her first state,  
Receiv'd a power, and a will to that  
Which was most pure, and good; but, since the losse  
Of that faire freedome, onely trades in drosse;  
Aimes she at Wealth? Alas, her proud desire  
Strives for the best; but failing to mount higher  
Then earth, her error grapples, and takes hold  
On that, which earth can onely give her, Gold:  
Aimes she at Glory? Her ambition flies  
As high a pitch, as her dull winges can rise;  
But, failing in her strength, she leaves to strive.,  
And takes such honour, as base earth can give:  
Aimes she at Pleasure? Her desires extend  
To lasting joyes, whose pleasures have no end;  
But, wanting wings, she grovells on the Dust,

R

And,

*And, there, she lights upon a carnall Lust :  
 Yet nerethelesse, th' aspiring Soule desires  
 A perfect good; but, wanting those sweet fires,  
 Whose heate should perfect her unrip'ned will,  
 Cleaves to th' apparent Good, which Good is ill ;  
 Whose sweet enjoyment, being farre unable  
 To give a satisfaction answerable  
 To her unbounded wishes, leaves a thirst  
 Of reenjoyment, greater then the first.*

*Lord; When our fruitlesse fallowes are growne cold,  
 And out of heart, we can enrich the mould  
 With a new heate; we can restore againe  
 Her weakned soile; and make it apt, for graine;  
 And wilt thou suffer our faint soules, to lie  
 Thus unmanur'd, that is thy Husbandrie ?  
 They beare no other bulke, but idle weedes,  
 Alas, they have no heart, no heate; Thy seedes  
 Are cast away, untill thou please t' inspire  
 New strength, and quench them with thy sacred fire :  
 Stirre thou my Fallowes; and enrich my mold;  
 And they shall bring thee increase, a hundred fold.*

**SECT.**

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SECT. 21.

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ARGUMENT.

*False Delila accosts her Lover :  
Her lips endeavour to entice  
His gentle nature to discover  
His strength : Samson deceives her thrice.*

SOON as occasion lent our Champions eare  
To *Delila*, which could not choose but heare,  
If *Delila* but whisper'd; she, whose wiles  
Were neatly baited, with her simple smiles,  
Accosted *Samson*; Her alluring hand  
Sometimes would stroke his Temples; sometime, span'd  
His brawny arme; Sometimes, would gently gripe  
His sinewy wrest; Another while, would wipe  
His sweating browes; Her wanton fingers plai'd,  
Sometimes, with his faire locks; somtimes, would brai'd  
His long dishevell'd haire; her eyes, one while,  
Would steale a glance upon his eyes, and smile;  
And, then, her crafty lips would speake; then, smother  
Her broken speech; and, then, begin another :  
At last, as if a sudden thought had brake  
From the faire prison of her lips, she spake;  
*How poore a Grisle is this arme of mine !  
Me thinks, 'tis nothing, in respect of thine ;*

## The History of Samson

I'd rather feele the power of thy Love,  
 Then of thy hand; In that, my heart would prove  
 The stouter Champion, and would make thee yeeld,  
 And leave thee Captive, in the conquer'd field:  
 The strength of my affection passes thine,  
 As much, as thy victorious arme does mine;  
 The greatest conquest, then, is due to me;  
 Thou conquer'st others, but I conquer thee:  
 But say, my love, is it some hidden charme,  
 Or does thy stocke of youth enrich thy arme  
 With so great power, that can overthrow,  
 And conquer mighty Kingdomes, at a blow?  
 What cause have I to joy! I need not feare  
 The greatest danger, now my Samson's here:  
 I feare no Rebbels now; me thinks, thy power  
 Makes me a Princeesse; and my house, a Tower:  
 But say, my Love, If Delila should finde thee,  
 Lost in a sleepe, could not her fingers binde thee?  
 Me thinks they should: But I would scorne to make  
 So poore a Conquest: When th'art broad awake,  
 Teach me the tricke: Or if thou wilt denie me;  
 Know, that my owne invention shall supplie me,  
 Without thy helpe: I'll use a ~~womans~~ charmes,  
 And binde thee fast, within these circled Armes:  
 To whom, the Champion, smiling, thus replied;  
 Take thee Greene O'syers, that were never dried,  
 And bind thy Samsons wrists together; then,  
 He shall be fast, and weake as other men:  
 With that, the Philistines, that lay in waite  
 Within an eares command, commanded straite,

That

## The History of Samson.

125

That Ofyers should be brought : wherewith, she tyed  
Victorious *Samsons* joyned hands, and cryed ;  
*Samson make hast; and let thy strength appeare :*  
*Samson take heed; the Philistines are here :*  
He startes; and as the flaming fier cracks  
The slender substance of th' untwisted flax,  
He twicht in sunder his divided bands, -  
And, in a moment, freed his fastned hands ;  
With that, offended *Delila* bewrai'd  
A frowne, halfe sweetned with a smile, and said ;  
*Think'st thou, thy Delila does goe about*  
*T' entrappe thy life ? Or, can my Samson doubt*  
*To lodge a secret in the loyall brest*  
*Of faithfull Delila, that findes no rest,*  
*No happinesse, but in thy heart, alone,*  
*Whose loy I priZe farre dearer then my owne ?*  
*Why then shouldst thou deceive me, and impart*  
*So foule a falsehood, to so true a heart ?*  
*Come; grant my suite, and let that faithlesse tongue*  
*Make love amends, which hath done love this wrong :*  
To whom dissembling *Samson* thus replied ;  
*Take twistedropes, whose strength was never tryed,*  
*And tye these closed hands together, then,*  
*I shall be fast, and weake as other men :*  
With that, she bound him close; and having made  
The knot more suer, then her love's, she said;  
*Samson arise; and take thy strength upon thee ;*  
*Samson make hast; The Philistines are on thee :*  
He straight arose; and, as a striving hand  
Would breake a Sisters thred, she crackt the band

R 3

That

*The History of Samson.*

That bound his armes, he crackt the bands insunder;  
 But frowning *Delila*, whose heart did wonder  
 No lesse then vexed, being fill'd with discontent,  
 She said; *False lover, If thy heart had ment,*  
*What thy faire tongue had formerly profest,*  
*Thou nere hadst kept thy secrets from my brest:*  
*Wherein hath Delila bin found unjust,*  
*Not to deserve the honour of thy trust?*  
*Wherein, have I bin faithlesse, or disloyall?*  
*Or what request of thine, ere found denyall?*  
*Had I but bin so wise, as to denie,*  
*Samson might beg'd, and mist, as well as I:*  
*But 'tis my fortune, still, to be most free*  
*To those, as are the most reserv'd to me:*  
*Be not ingratefull, Samson: If my brest*  
*Were but as false, as thine is hard, I'd rest*  
*To tempt thy silence, or to move my suite:*  
*Speake then, but speake the truth; or else be mute.*  
*To whom, fond Samson; If thy hands would tye*  
*These locks to yonder Beame, they will discerie*  
*My native weaknesse: and thy Samson, then,*  
*Would be as poore in strength, as other men:*  
 So said; her busie fingers soone obey'd;  
 His locks being platted to the beame, she said:  
*Samson bestirre thee; and let thy power appeare:*  
*Samson take heed; the Philistines are here:*  
 With that, he quits the place (where on he laie,  
 Fallne fast a sleepe) and bore the Beame away.

MEDIT,

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MEDITAT. 21.

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**S**Ee, how the crafty Serpent twists, and windes  
Into the brest of man ! What paths he findes,  
And crooked by-ways ! With how sweet a baite  
He hides the hooke of his inveterate hate !  
What sugcrd words, and eare-delighting Art  
He uses, to supplant the yeelding heart  
Of poore deceived man, who stands and trusts  
Vpon the broken staffe of his false lusts !  
He tempts; allures; suggests; and, in conclusion,  
Makes man the Pander to his owne confusion:  
The fruit was faire and pleasing to the eyes,  
Apt to breed knowledge, and to make them wise;  
Must they not tast so faire a fruit, not touch ?  
Yes; doe : I will make you Gods, and know as much  
As he that made it : Thinke you, you can fall  
Into deaths hands ? Ye shall not die at all :  
Thus fell poore man : His knowledge proved such,  
Better 'thad bin, he had not knowne so much :  
Thus this old Serpent takes advantage still  
On our desiers, and distemperd will : (rich ?  
Art thou growne Covetous ? wouldst thou faine be  
He comes and strikes thy heart with the dry itch

of

*Of having: Wealth will rouse thy heartlesse friends;  
 Make thee a potent Master of thy Ends;  
 'Twill bring thee honour; make thy suites at Law  
 Prosper at will; and keepe thy Foes in awe:  
 Art thou Ambitious? He will kindle fire,  
 In thy proud thoughts, and make thy thoughts aspire;  
 Hee'l come, and teach thy honour how to scorne  
 Thy old acquaintance, whom thou hast outworne:  
 Hee'l teach thee how to Lord it, and advance  
 Thy servants fortunes, with thy Countenance:  
 Wouldst thou enjoy the pleasures of the flesh?  
 Hee'l bring thee wanton Ladyes, to refresh  
 Thy drooping soule: Hee'l teach thine eyes to wander;  
 Instruct thee how to wooe; Hee'l be thy Pander:  
 Hee'l fill thy amorous soule with the sweet passion  
 Of powerfull Love: Hee'l give thee dispensation,  
 To sinne at pleasure; He will make thee Slave  
 To thy owne thoughts: Hee'l make thee beg and crave  
 To be a drudge: Hee'l make thy trecherous breath  
 Destroy thee, and betray thee to thy death.*

*Lord; if our Father Adam could not stay  
 In his upright perfection, one poore day;  
 How can it be expected, we have power  
 To hold out Seige, one scruple of an hower:  
 Our Armes are bound with too unequall bands;  
 We cannot strive; We cannot loose our hands:*

*Great Nazarite, awake; and looke upon us:  
 Make hast to helpe; The Philistines are on us.*

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SECT. 22.

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ARGUMENT.

*She sues againe : Samson replies  
The very truth : Her lips betray him :  
They binde him ; They put out his eyes,  
And to the prison they convey him.*

**W**ith that; the wanton, whose distrustfull eyes  
Was fixt upon reward, made this replie;  
*Had the deniall of my poore request  
Proceeded from th' inexorable brest  
Of one, whose open hatred sought t' endanger  
My haunted life; Or had it bin a stranger,  
That wanted so much nature, to deny  
The doing of a common curtesie;  
Nay, had it bin a friend, that had deceiv'd me,  
An ordinary friend, It nere had griev'd me :  
But thou, even thou my bosome friend, that art  
The onely joy of my deceived heart ;  
Nay thou, whose hony-dropping lips so often  
Did plead thy undissembled love, and soften  
My deare affection, which could never yeeld  
To easier termes; by thee, to be beguild ?*

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*How often hast thou mockt my slender suite  
 With forged falshoods? Hadst thou but bin mute,  
 I nere had hop'd: But being fairely led  
 Towards my prompt desires, which were fed  
 With my false hopes, and thy false-hearted tongue,  
 And then beguilde? I hold it as a wronge:  
 How canst thou say thou lov'st me? How can I  
 Thinke but thou hat'st me, when thy lips deny  
 So poore a Suite? Alas, my fond desire  
 Had slak'd, had not deniall blowne the fire:  
 Grant then at last, and let thy open brest  
 Shew that thou lov'st me, and grant my faire request:  
 Speake, or speake not, thy Delila shall give ore  
 To urge; her lips shall never urge thee more:  
 To whom, the yeelding lover thus betrai'd  
 His heart, being tortur'd unto death, and said;  
     My deare; my Delila; I cannot stand  
 Against so sweet a pleader; In thy hand  
 I here entrust, and to thy brest impart  
 Thy Samsons life, and secrets of his heart;  
 Know then my Delila, that I was borne  
 A Nazarite; These locks were never shorne;  
 No Raisor, yet, came ere upon my crowne;  
 There lies my strength; with the, my strength is gone:  
 Were they but shaven, my Delila; O, then,  
 Thy Samson should be weake as other men;  
 No sooner had he spoken, but he spred  
 His body on the floore, his drowzy head  
 He pillow'd on her lap; untill, at last,  
 He fell into a sleepe; and, being fast,*

She

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She clipt his locks from off his carelesse head,  
And beckning the *Philistians* in, she said;  
    *Samson awake; Take strength and courage on thee;*  
    *Samson arise; The Philistines are on thee :*  
Even as a Dove, whose wings are clipt, for flying,  
Flutters her idle stumps; and still, relying  
Vpon her wonted refuge, strives in vaine,  
To quit her life from danger, and attaine  
The freedome of her ayre-dividing plumes ;  
She struggles often, and she oft presumes  
To take the sanctuary of the open fields ;  
But, finding that her hopes are vaine, she yeelds :  
Even so poore *Samson* (frighted at the sound,  
That rowz'd him from his rest) forsooke the ground ;  
Perceiving the *Philistians* there at hand,  
To take him pris'ner, he began to stand  
Vpon his wonted *Guarde* : His threatening breath  
Brings forth the prologue to their following death :  
He rowz'd himselfe; and, like a Lyon, shooke  
His drowzy limmes; and with a cloudy looke,  
(Fore-telling boystrous, and tempestious weather)  
Defied each one, defied them all together :  
Now, when he came to grapple, he upheav'd  
His mighty hand; but, now (alas, bereav'd  
Of wonted power) that confounding arme,  
(That could no lesse then murther) did no harme;  
Blow was exchang'd, for blow; and wound for wound :  
He, that, of late, disdain'd to give ground,  
Flies backe apace; who, lately, stain'd the field  
With conquer'd blood, does now begin to yeeld;

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He, that, of late, brake twisted Ropes in twaine,  
 Is bound with Packthred; He, that did disdain  
 To feare the power of an Armed Band,  
 Can now walke prisoner in a single hand:  
 Thus have the trecherous *Philistines* betray'd  
 Poore captive *Samson* : *Samson* now obay'd:  
 Those glowing eyes, that whirled death about,  
 Where ere they view'd, their cursed hands put out;  
 They led him pris'ner, and convai'd him downe  
 To strong-wall'd *Azza* (that *Philistian* towne,  
 Whose gates his shoulders lately bore away)  
 There, in the common Prison, did they lay  
 Distressed *Samson*, who obtain'd no meate,  
 But what he purchas'd with his painfull sweate;  
 For, every day, they urg'd him to fulfill  
 His twelve howres taske, at the laborious *Mill*;  
 And, when his wasted strength began to tyre,  
 They'd quicken his bare sides, with whips of Wire:  
 Fill'd was the towne with Ioy, and Triumph : All,  
 From the high-Princee, to th' Cobbler, on the stall,  
 Kept holy-day, whilest every voice became  
 Hoarse, as the Trumpe of newes-divulgeing fame;  
 All tongues were fill'd with shouts : And every care  
 Was growne impatient of the whisperer;  
 So generall was their Triumph, their Applause,  
 That children shouted, ere they knew a cause :  
 The better sort betooke them to their knees;  
*Dagon* must worship'd be : *Dagon*, that frees  
*Both Sea, and Land*, *Dagon*, that did subdue  
*Our common foe* : *Dagon* must have his due :

*Dagon*

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*Dagon must have his praise; must have his prize :  
Dagon must have his holy Sacrifice :  
Dagon has brought to our victorious hand  
Proud Samson: Dagon has redeem'd our land :  
We call to Dagon; and our Dagon heares;  
Our groanes are come to holy Dagon's eares ;  
To Dagon, all renowne and Glory be ;  
Where is there such another God as Hee ?*

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### *MEDITAT. 22.*

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***H**OW is our story chang'd? O, more then strange  
Effects of so small time ! O, sudden change;  
Is this that holy Nazarite, for whom  
Heaven shew'd a Miracle, on the barren wombe ?  
Is this that holy Thing, againe whose birth,  
Angells must quit their thrones, and visit Earth ?  
Is this that blessed Infant, that began  
To grow in favour so, with God and man ?  
What, is this hee, who (strengthened by heavens hand)  
Was borne a Champion, to redeeme the Land ?  
Is this the man, whose courage did contest  
With a fierce Lyon, grappling brest to brest ;*

S 3

*And*

*The History of Samson.*

*And in a twinkling, tore him quite in sunder ?  
 Is this that Conquerer whose Arme did thunder  
 Vpon the men of Askalon, the power  
 Of whose bent fist, slew thirty in an hower ?  
 Is this that daring Conquerour, whose hand  
 Thrast the proud Philistines, in their wasted land ?  
 And was this He, that with the help of none,  
 Destroy'd a thousand with a silly Bone ?  
 Or He, whose wrists, being bound together, did  
 Breake Cordes like flax, and double Ropes like thrid ?  
 Is this the man whose hands unhing'd those Gates,  
 And bare them thence, with pillers, barres, & Grates ?  
 And is he turn'd a Mill-horse now ? and blinde ?  
 Must this great Conquerour be forc'd to grinde  
 For bread and water ? Must this Heroe spend  
 His latter times in drudgery ? Must he end  
 His weary dayes in darkenesse ? Must his hyer,  
 Be knotted cords, and torturing whips of wyer ?  
 Where heaven withdrawes, the creatures power shakes ;  
 What miserie's wanting there, where God forsakes ?  
 Had Samson not abus'd his borrow'd power,  
 Samson, had still, remain'd a Conquerour :  
 The Philistines did act his part ; No doubt,  
 His eyes offended, and they plack'd them out :  
 Heaven will be just : He punishes a sin,  
 Oft, in the member, that he findes it in :  
 When faithlesse Zacharias did become  
 Too curious, his lips were stricken dumbe :  
 Samson whose lustfull view did overprize  
 Vnlawfull beautye's punisht in his eyes ;*

*Those*

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*Those flaming eyes seduc'd his wanton minde  
To act a sinne; Those eyes are stricken blinde;  
The beauty he invaded, did invade him,  
And that faire tongue, that blest him so, betrayd him :  
That strength, intemperate lust imploy'd so ill,  
Is now a driving the laborious Mill ;  
Those naked sides, so pleas'd with lusts desire,  
Are, now, as naked, lasht with whips of wire :*

*Lord; shouldst thou punish every part in me  
That does offend, what member would be free ?  
Each member acts his part; They never lin  
Vntill they joyne, and make a Body' of sin :  
Make sinne my burthen; Let it never please me;  
And thou hast promis'd, when I come, to ease me,*

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SECT.

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## S E C T. 23.

## A R G V M E N T.

*They make a feast. And then to crowne  
 Their mirth, blind Samson is brought thither :  
 He pulls the mighty Pillers downe;  
 The Building falls : All slaine together,*

**T**Hus when the vulgar Triumph (which does last  
 But seldome, longer then the newes) was past,  
 And *Dagons* holy Altars had surceast  
 To breath their idle fumes : they call'd a feast,  
 A common Feast; whose bounty did bewray  
 A common joy, to gratulate the day ;  
 Whereto, the Princes, under whose command  
 Each province was, in their divided land ;  
 Whereto, the Lords, Leiutenants, and all those,  
 To whom the supreme Rulers did repose  
 An under-trust; whereto, the better sort  
 Of gentry, and of Commons did resort,  
 With mirth, and jolly tryumph, to allay  
 Their sorrowes, and to solemnize the day ;  
 Into the common Hall they come : The Hall  
 Was large and faire; Her arched rooffe was all  
 Builded with massie stone, and over lai'd  
 With pond'rous Lead; Two sturdy Pillers stai'd

Her

Her mighty Rafter up; whereon, relied  
The weighty burthen of her lofty pride.  
When lusty diet, and the frolicke cup  
Had rouz'd and rais'd their quickned spirits up,  
And brave triumphing *Bacchus* had displaid  
His conquering coullers, in their cheeks, they said;  
*Call Samson forth; He must not worke to day;*  
*Tis a boone feast; Wee'le give him leave to play;*  
*Does he grinde bravely? Does our Millhorse sweate?*  
*Let him lacke nothing; What he wants in meate,*  
*Supply in lashes; He is strong and stout,*  
*And, with his breath can drive the Mill about :*  
*He werkes too hard, we feare: Goe downe and free him;*  
*Say, that his Mistresse, Delila would see him :*  
*The sight of him will take our bowers short,*  
*Goe fetch him then, to make our Honours sport :*  
*Bid him provide some Riddles; Let him bring*  
*Some songs of Triumph : He that's blinde, may sing*  
*With better boldenesse : Bid him never doubt*  
*To please : What matter, though his eyes be out ?*  
*Tis no dishonour, that he cannot see ;*  
*Tell him, the God of Lov's as blinde, as hee :*  
With that they brought poore *Samson* to the Hall;  
And as he past, he gropes to finde the wall;  
His pace was slow; His feet were lifted high;  
Each tongue would taunt him; Every scornfull eye  
Was filld with laughter; Some would cry aloud,  
*Hee walkes in state : His Lordship is growne proud :*  
Some bid his Honour, *Haile;* whilst others cast  
Reproachfull termes upon him; as he past ;

T

Some

Some would salute him fairely, and embrace  
 His wounded sides; then spit upon his face :  
 Others would cry; *For shame forbear t' abuse*  
*The high and great Redeemer of the Iewes :*  
 Some gibe and floute him with their taunts and quips,  
 Whilst others flurt him on the starting lips :  
 With that; poore *Samson*, whose abundant grieve,  
 Not finding hopes of comfort, or releife,  
 Resolv'd for patience: Turning round, he made  
 Some shift to feele his Keeper out, and said;

*Good Sir : my painefull labour in the Mill*  
*Hath made me bold (although against my will)*  
*To crave some little rest; If you will please*  
*To let the Pillour but afford some ease*  
*To my worne limmes, your mercy should relieve*  
*A soule, that has no more, but thanks, to give :*  
 The keeper yeelded: (Now the Hall was filld  
 With *Princes*, and their *People*, that beheld  
 Abused *Samson*; whilst the Roofe retain'd  
 A leash of thousands more, whose eyes were chain'd  
 To this sad Object, with a full delight,  
 To see this flesh-and-blood-relenting sight ;  
 With that, the pris'ner turnd himselfe and prai'd  
 So soft, that none but heaven could heare, and said;

*My God, my God : Although my sinnes doe cry*  
*For greater vengeance, yet thy gracious eye*  
*Is full of mercy ; O, remember now*  
*The gentle promise and that sacred vow*  
*Thou mad'st to faithfull Abram, and his seed,*  
*O, heare my wounded soule, that has lesse need*

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Of life, then mercy : Let thy tender care  
Make good thy plentious promise now, and heare;  
See, how thy cursed enemies prevaile  
Above my strength ; Behold, how poore and fraile  
My native power is, and, wanting thee,  
What is there, Oh, what is there (Lord) in me ?  
Nor is it I that suffer; My desert  
May challenge greater vengeance, if thou wert  
Extreme to punish : Lord the wrong is thine ;  
The punishment is just, and onely mine :  
I am thy Champion, Lord ; It is not me  
They strike at ; Through my sides, they thrust at thee :  
Against thy Glory 'tis, their Malice lies ;  
They aym'd at that, when they put out these eyes :  
Alas their blood-bedabbl'd hands would flie  
On thee, wert thou but cloth'd in flesh, as I :  
Revenge thy wrongs, great God ; O let thy hand  
Redeeme thy suffring honour, and this land :  
Lend me thy power ; Renew my wasted strength,  
That I may fight thy battells ; and, at length,  
Rescue thy Glory ; that my hands may doe  
That faithfull service, they were borne unto :  
Lend me thy power, that I may restore  
Thy losse, and I will never urge thee more :  
Thus having ended, both his armes he laid,  
Vpon the pillours of the Hall ; and said ;  
Thus, with the Philistines, I resigne my breath ;  
And let my God finde Glory in my death :  
And having spoke, his yeelding body strain'd  
Vpon those Marble pillour, that sustain'd

The pondrous Roofe; They crackt; and, with their fall,  
 Downe fell the Battlements, and Roofe, and all;  
 And, with their ruines, slaughter'd at a blow,  
 The whole Assembly; They, that were below,  
 Receiv'd their sudden deaths from those that fell  
 From off the top; whilst none was left, to tell  
 The horrid shriekes, that filld the spacious Hall,  
 Whose ruines were impartiall, and flew all:  
 They fell; and, with an unexpected blow,  
 Gave every one his death, and Buriall too:

Thus died our *Samson*; whose brave death has won  
 More honour, then his honourd life had done:  
 Thus died our *Conquerour*; whose latest breath  
 Was crown'd with Conquest; triumph'd over death:  
 Thus died our *Samson*; whose last drop of blood  
 Redeem'd heavens glory, and his Kingdom's good:  
 Thus died heavens *Champion*, & the earths bright *Glory*;  
 The heavenly subject of this sacred *story*:  
 And thus th' impartiall hand of death that gathers  
 All to the *Grave*, repos'd him with his fathers;  
 Whose name shall flourish, and be still in prime,  
 In spite of ruine, or the teeth of *Time*;  
 Whose fame shall last, till heaven shall please to free  
 This *Earth* from Sinne, and *Time* shall cease to be.

MEDIT.

MEDITAT. 23.

**VV** *Ages of sinne, is death. The day must come,  
Wherein, the equall hand of death must summe  
The severall Items of mans fading glory,  
Into the easie Totall of one Story :  
The browes that sweat for kingdomes and renowne,  
To gloryfie their Temples with a Crowne ;  
At length, grow cold, and leave their honour'd name  
To flourish in th' uncertaine blast of fame :  
This is the height that glorious mortalls can  
Attaine; This is the highest pitch of Man :  
The quilted Quarters of the Earths great Ball,  
Whose unconfined limits were too small  
For his extreme Ambition, to deserve,  
Six foote of length, and three of bredth must serve :  
This is the highest pitch that Man can flie;  
And after all his Triumph, he must die :*

*Lives he in Wealth? Does well deserved store  
Limit his wish, that he can wish no more?  
And does the fairest bounty of encrease  
Crowne him with plenty; and, his dayes with peace?  
It is a right hand blessing; But supplie  
Of wealth cannot secure him; He must die :*

*Lives he in Pleasure? Does perpetuall mirth  
Lend him a little Heaven upon his earth?*

*Meets he no sullen care, no sudden losse  
 To coole his joyes ? Breathes he without a crosse ?  
 Wants he no pleasure, that his wanton eye  
 Can crave, or hope from fortune ? He must dye :  
 Lives he in Honour ? Hath his faire desert  
 Obtain'd the freedome of his Princes heart ?  
 Or may his more familiar hands disburse  
 His liberall favours, from the royall purse ?  
 Alas, his Honour cannot soare too high,  
 For palefac'd death to follow : He must dye :  
 Lives he a Conqu'rou ? And doth heaven blesse  
 His heart with spirit ; that spirit, with successe,  
 Successe, with Glory ; Glory, with a name,  
 To live with the Eternity of Fame ?  
 The progresse of his lasting fame may vye  
 With time ; But yet the Conquerour must dye :  
 Great, and good God: Thou Lord of life and death;  
 In whom, the Creature, hath his being; breath;  
 Teach me to underprize this life, and I  
 Shall finde my losse the easier, when I dye;  
 So raise my feeble thoughts, and dull desire,  
 That when these vaine and weary dayes expire,  
 I may discard my flesh, with joy, and quit  
 My better part, of this false earth; and it  
 Of some more sinne; and, for this Transitory  
 And teadious life, enjoy a life of Glory.*

*The end.*

*Manuscript*